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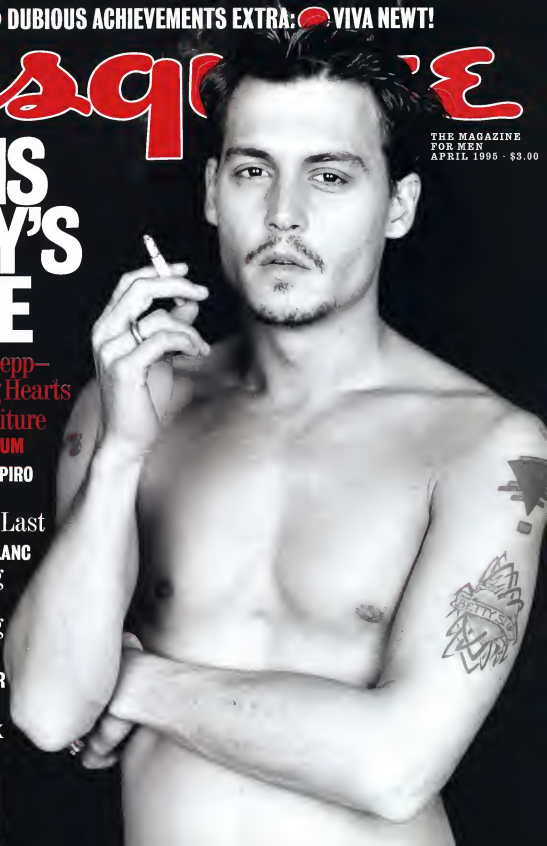
## THIS BOY'S LIFE

**Johnny Depp—  
Breaking Hearts  
and Furniture**  
BY DAVID BLUM

**WALTER SHAPIRO**  
Bob Dole,  
Happy at Last

**ADRIAN LEBLANC**  
Too Young  
to Kill,  
Too Young  
to Die

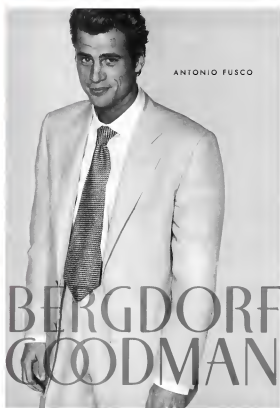
**JOHN TAYLOR**  
The  
Third Sex





**GUESS**  
WATCHES





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JOHN HENRY

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Esquire

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR SANCHEZ

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# JUST ADD BACARDI



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**The Politics of Meaning—What?**

YOU RECENTLY RAN A STORY that I had met with Marianne Williamson, implying she was my “spiritual adviser” or “guru” (*Reality Check*, January). As with some press reports, it is factually true that I have met with Williamson, but the conclusion is untrue. Let me explain.

For nearly two years, I have met personally with a wide range of Amer-



icans including Roman Catholic cardinals, bishops, nuns, and priests; Protestants; anti-drug and gay leaders; Jewish rabbis; theologians, ethicists, and religious activists; social scientists (including historians, political scientists, sociologists and anthropologists); professors of communications; management consultants; and mainstream speakers, business and labor leaders, writers, artists, poets, and entertainment celebrities, and many other Americans from all walks of life who have questioning ideas or insights into what's happening in our country today. I've shared meals and cups of tea with them and some have spent the night with us, and I have enjoyed the chance to talk to stimulating people, many of whom care deeply about what the president is trying to accomplish for America, often are totally nonpolitical, and some even oppose the administration but have points of view I want to hear.

So, have I met with Americans of every stripe, some of whom are conservative or “politically incorrect”? Of course I have. I find it interesting that very few of these visits have been published or viewed as significant unless those who oppose the president or his goals or my role think they can score points against us by using the old tactic of “guilt by association,” or unless the visitor decides it will benefit him or her to be seen as associated with us in the public's eye. I have experienced both forms of publicity.

Marianne Williamson, for example, is a political supporter who has an intriguing view about popular culture today that she shared with me; she is neither my “guru” nor spiritual adviser. I believe that those who published her

view want to misrepresent my expression of faith as a Christian because they fear that a view of Christian witness and obligation differing from the religious Right's could create political opposition to its agenda. Some reasons have explained their time with me for their own purposes. The prime example of that is the magazine editor who paid a short courtesy call to my office and has promoted the perception that he is my “guru.”

And what have I learned from all that? I suppose that no matter what I do—or do not do—I will be criticized and exploited by some. So I will continue seeing a wide net to meet with as many different Americans as I can, to listen hard and learn so I can grow and challenge myself, to understand better what's happening in our country and world and put that in a historical and social context so I can better explain the president's vision for our future.

Well, your report provoked a long answer with a single bottom line: I have no “guru,” spiritual adviser, or any other awe-age alternative to my Methodist faith and traditions. But I will continue eagerly to take advantage of this time in my life to meet with all sorts of folks and try to do the best I can to help the president and to make my own contribution to the nation.

—HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON  
Washington, D.C.

FROM THE FIRST MOMENT that *The Washington Post* and *The Wall Street Journal* described me as “the guru of the White House,” I made repeated and vociferous efforts to repudiate that demeaning description and its religious implication that I had some special power over Mrs. Clinton's mind, and to challenge the media's attempt to misrepresent the politics of meaning that Mrs. Clinton had adopted from *Titles* as new age baloney rather than a serious and sophisticated alternative to the religious Right's appropriation of ethical and spiritual concerns.

In recent months the Clintons have sought to reposition themselves as concerned with only issue-specific disagreements with the Right that now

dominate Congress. So it's understandable that they'd no longer want to be publicly associated with the politics of meaning's critique of the ethos of selfishness that emerges from our competitive market society and helps create a society filled with selfishness, narcissism, and materialism. So Mrs. Clinton no longer talks about her speech in Austin in which she said that what this country needed was a politics of meaning, and our subsequent meeting at which we struggled about how best to get those ideas into the public arena and how to counter unfavorable media cynicism is now reduced [in her letter to *Esquire*] to a “courtesy call.” But in a subsequent discussion with [then] *New York Times* correspondent Michael Kelly, she kept referring to me and my ideas—so much so that Kelly concluded that the best way to attack Mrs. Clinton would be to attack my writings.

The Clintons have distanced themselves from people with whom they were much closer than me [Lara Guttman, Joycelyn Elders] and from the ideals that won their support in opposition the election in 1992 showed that this was self-defeating. If even the Clintons are perceived as getting off-center (in this case, momentary popularity) above principle, other Americans will conclude that they'd better watch out for their own short-term self-interest and then vote for tax cuts and reduction of government. What is my reward for warning the Clintons in any number of titles for the past year and a half that their abandonment of the ethical and spiritual underpinnings of a politics of meaning would lead to electoral defeat? This petty and fundamentally dishonest put-down and misrepresentation of our relationship.

—MICHAEL LERNER  
Ellen Tildem  
New York, N.Y.

**Esquire's Hat Trick**

ONCE IN *ESQUIRE* can you hit your Madison sense (“What's Your Favorite BQ?” by Woody Hochstetler), and the previously unpublished letter of Jack Kerosa (“Your Fat Jack”), and obtain valuable tips on how to avoid getting buried back in prison (“So You're Going to Prison...” by Jim Hognarth)





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## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



**W**HEN FIVE-YEAR-OLD Eric Manes was thrown from a window in his Chicago housing project by two elementary school students, he immediately became a media martyr, standing for all inner-city youths who remain good in the face of their environment. In contrast, the two boys who are accused of killing him—one son, the other eleven—have been, narrowly discovered by the press.

In, as journalist **David Blum** discovered, the actual story refuses to conform to the demands of this reflexive media script. "Everyone was asking, 'Were they playing or did they mean to kill Eric?'" says LeBlanc. Her article, "Killing" (page 84)—with accompanying photographs by **Eugene Richards**—reveals that the answer to that question is almost moot, because for the children affected by Eric's fall, the line between play and violence is often blurred.

For LeBlanc's 1994/1995 follow-up to the burning incident at Radcliffe who is at work on a book about a family in the South Bronx—the Manes tragedy cannot be reduced to the standard ghetto catchwords: poverty, crime, drugs. "These factors contribute to the vulnerability of children," says LeBlanc, "but they in no way fully explain a child's being thrown out of a window."

A fund has been established to help Eric Manes's surviving brother, Derrick Lerone Assistant Fund, South Shore Bank, 7054 South Jeffery Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60649.

**WITH HIS COVER STORY**, "The Race on Johnny Depp" (page 72), **David Blum** joins *Esquire* as a contributing editor. Blum, a longtime writer for *New York* magazine and the author of *Flash in the Pan*, empathized with Depp when a came to the infamous washing of his face at *New York's* *Black Ball* in 1991. "For so long a night," says Blum, "he should have gotten the soap—no not the barbershop." On the other hand, Blum adds, "he kept trying to gravitate back to my own hotel. I felt he was determined to finish my room."

Depp was photographed by **Wayne Maser**, who had more luck taking Madonna out of her clothes for our August Women We Love cover last year than he did with the washed actor. At the photo shoot, Depp asked, "Are you going to make me take off my shirt?" Well, he was told, yes.

"Who do you think I am, Brad Pitt?" he shot back. "Brad Pitt is the Chuck Heston of the nineties." Who does that make him, Wayne Maser?

For some men, fishing is merely a sport. For others it is a religion. Still others, such as author **Jonathan Rabin**, see it as a means of working out neuroses and getting in touch with nature ("Last Call of the Wild," page 102). And though Rabin—the author of thirteen books, including *Flaming Man*, *Harbush*, *Goose*, and *Old Glory* and the editor of *The Oxford Book of the Sea*—has been in search of surfboard, he admits that he hasn't caught a fish since leaving the page.

Old Riparian Jr. may be Rabin's most man, but around here that title belongs to **Mike Lupica**, now in his eighth year as *Spotting* Life columnist. For this issue, Lupica headed down to Baltimore to talk with Ripera about the season so early were set to take the field at spring training ("Let's Play Two Thousand," page 48). The same day Lupica was with Ripera, he also spoke with President Clinton about the baseball season. "We didn't solve the crisis," says Lupica, whose fourth novel, *Jump*, was just published by Villard Books. "But I told him to feel free to call me about it anytime." As for Lupica's stamina, he says he expects to continue for many years—so long as we don't impose a salary cap on him.

"Trying to do other what makes *Red Dole* tick is a full-time job for all of us," says *Queer Men* in the White House columnist **Walter Shapiro**. "He's so funny but so elusive." In "The Survivor" (page 84), Shapiro takes a closer look at the Republican man to beat (for now) in '96. Is Dole the most powerful man in Washington? "Everyone—Newt Gingrich, Bill Clinton, *Red Dole*—has the power to stop things," says Shapiro, who is at work on a book about the Clinton presidency. "No one has the power to do anything affirmative."

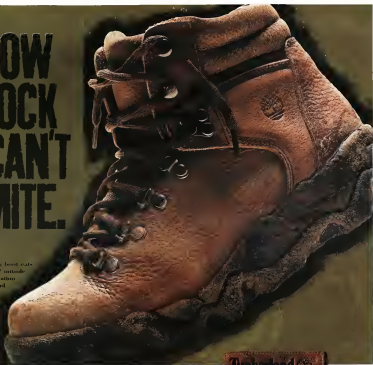
Finally, the name Gingrich has always been followed in the halls of *Esquire*—Arnold Gingrich being the magazine's founder—and now in "Had to Thaw, Newt Gingrich" (page 104), the Dobson Achievements team—with a proud counterfactual effort by assistant picture editor **Basile Pina** and picture researcher **Marybeth Webb**—ties back in to action to celebrate this tower of Republican intellect. "It was tough to get the Dobson Achievement award in midcareer," admits deputy editor **David Shapiro**, "but honestly we had no choice. History demanded it."



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# Reality Check

## Egos

### Here's the Deal...

WHEN you look under the hood for the source of the animosity between **George Bush** and **Steve Perot**, what you'll find may not be just politics but money.

In 1996, can man **Joe Eise** approached then vice president Bush offering to provide, for \$4.5 million, a tape that allegedly contained information on the whereabouts of some American POWs in Vietnam, according to reporter **Bob Lurie**, who's writing a book about Eise for *Fortune*. Eise also asked Bush to bail his cohort **Behn Geringer** out of jail for \$25,000. Bush said he couldn't use taxpayers' money for such an endeavor but made a personal plea to his fellow Texan Perot. The billionaire bailed out Geringer, according to



It was George who hit on Rose over.

Lurie, and then deposited the \$4.5 million in an escrow account in the Bank of America in Singapore. But Perot never got the tape.

"[Lurie] has his facts all knaled up," says Perot, who confirms that Bush contacted him about helping Eise and Geringer. "Mr. Bush called and asked me to help him. I said, 'Fine, I'll look at it.' I bailed out Geringer on the spot, but he never

showed. At the time, it was a strange experience. I'll tell you that. But I've had a lot stronger. Perot adds, however, that he never put up the \$4.5 million and doesn't hold a grudge against Bush over the incident. Bush did not offer a comment, but Lurie observes, "It's certainly interesting that the vice president of the United States and former head of the CIA didn't know that Eise was a world class phony."

## Split Personalities

### Other Voices, Other Gurus

MARTHA Williamson is definitely not **Henry Blumenthal** (Clinton's spiritual adviser, but she may not even be her own woman, either. Williamson—author of *A Return to Love* and *Therapeutic*—recently told a devotee who admonished her for not practicing what she preaches that when it comes to leavering "it's not me speaking. That's an entity."

"She clearly feels that the speaker/leader is a different person," says the source. "She divides her life between being a 'bach for God' and simply a bach." Neither Williamson nor her entity returned calls.

**Williamson:** The lights may be out, but your body is lit.



## Stakes

### Mill-High Rollers

WHY USA? Already something of a risk, airplanes may get some better odds soon. Several airlines are working on machines that would allow passengers to gamble aboard planes "in about a year, they're going to have technology to let people insert their credit cards in a machine on the seat and play blackjack or whatever,"

says a source, who adds that members of Congress are already looking into regulating concerns.

"It's the legal issues that are still problematic, but they might set up places where you can go out and cruise and gamble outside the jurisdiction of any state, sort of like the old riverboat casinos." floppies they can't use you off if you wish on a bet.

## Exposés

### A Third-Rate Burglary

WASHINGTON POST managing editor **Robert Kaiser** learned the hard way that his reporters' legendary investigative skills aren't limited to the people they cover.

Kaiser had stored some highly sensitive internal news of the Post's reporters in a top-security computer file, but **Karen DeWang**, the national assistant managing editor, called them up and then accidentally sent them to a public "bulletin."

The revelations—including critiques of political writer **Ruth Marcus**, media writer **Bowen Kattis**, in the Loop columnist **Al Kamen**, and Supreme Court reporter **Jan Raskopnik**, as well as a rather tough review of investigative reporter **Ann McGee**, who broke the story of the **Gary Hart-Diana Ross** romance—were discovered by a Deep Throat in the financial desk and then read by most of the Post's staff.

"There was a real feeding frenzy," says a source. One reporter sent executive editor **Ken Dowse** a note: "If you're going to put the evaluations in a public place, you might as well put them on the bulletin board."

Hardly apologetic, Kaiser and Dowse discredited a memo saying that "the idea that the members of the staff would read evaluations is not enough, and that they would call attention to them is appalling."

"Any reporter who doesn't have the courtesy to look at something like that," says another Post reader, "should be fired anyway."

## Presidential Affairs

### Leave the Rest of Him Alone

ROBERT Reagan's marital state

isn't funny anymore. In light of the former president's bold announcement that he is suffering from Alzheimer's disease, his friends and former colleagues have asked VH1 to stop playing *General's* "Lord of Confusion."

The video shows a dazed Reagan puppet, for example, losing a cherry he mistook for **Manny** Reagan. "When he was the president, and was healthy, it was a political statement," says a source who



Rein is 1956, so it's likely to laugh at him.

complained to VH1, which did not have a comment about the story "but now that Reagan has revealed



Powell: Polite in the 'hood.

## Strategy

### Run, Colin, Run

Colin Powell makes his bid for the White House, as many Hillary insiders are convinced he will (of course, for whose party is any body's guess) he'll have more than enough experience in the national and international arenas,

although he could use some more street cred. So the firmly reinvigorated, charming of the Joint Chiefs of Staff recently conducted a low-key tour of duty to hone up on urban affairs.

Earlier this year, Powell visited a renowned area in the

stomach of the South Bronx, near where he grew up, after having turned down the post-nominal ribbon cutting ceremony the previous year. "He walked up the street, greeting everyone, asking questions about what a heck to get these homes rehabilitated," says Bill Frey, the director of the New York office of the Lincolnton Foundation, one of the managers of the

Cry/Hotter program. "He wanted to know how people were selected. If there was any industry involved, why so many people had to be involved to make it work."

"[Powell] is a real story man, so he isn't complacently familiar with how civilian love and what's important to them," says a source. "Right now, he's doing fieldwork on his potential pit team." Then out of the group was the perfect for him to point to because it's a real pull-downed up by the bootstraps type."

Powell gave street orders to keep the press away from his fact-finding mission, but afterward, he let it be known that he wouldn't mind if a photographer took a picture or two.

Just the way **Enoch** would have done it.

## Caution

### What Does Mama Oswald Say?

With a death

of **Kennedy** earlier this year, the world may have lost its greatest proponent of the lone gunman theory. The political assassin lived to be 84 but in all these years, she never subscribed

own stomach—long before the Warren Commission—Ross was "convinced that **Lee Harvey Oswald** acted alone, a single and disoriented assassin," according to **Charles Huggins**, one of the biographers of **Lee**. Furthermore,

Huggins asserts: "If **Joe Kennedy**, didn't buy the conspiracy theories about the assassination of his son **John F. Kennedy**," based on **Robert Kennedy's** **Lee didn't**



# Reality Check

June

## One Angry Man?



Joe, the 1975

**T**he justice from **O.J. Simpson's** time I Wrote To Tell You, it doesn't really matter whether a book about the case is fiction or nonfiction, which may be good news for author **Joe McGinniss**, who is writing about the murder and trial. In 1990, McGinniss was censured for creating dialogue for his big rap of **Senator Edward Kennedy**, the last Senator and was also accused of "borrowing" material from **William Manchester's** Kennedy bio. Many publishing insiders thought McGinniss's writing career was doomed after the Kennedy book and

were shocked when Crown Books signed him up—for a reported \$3 million—to write the *Simpson* book. "His strength has always been when he has exclusive access to someone," says a source, citing McGinniss's best-known work, *Raid Vain*. "But this is an overexposed area." **Dennis Lehane** is very plugged into the prosecution and the victim's families and will likely write a book about the case (for Crown as well) as soon as he finishes his book about the **Reese** brothers, and New Yorker writer **Jeffrey Toobin** is similarly connected with the defense team. "McGinniss has no rely on his own creativity again," says the source. "and these books are always a disaster." He isn't doing any interviews, watching TV, or reading any of the press accounts of the trial. He's writing the book from the perspective of a juror. McGinniss could not be reached for comment. He's probably sequestered

### Paroled Papers

## Dear Your Name Here

**C**OMMENTING: **Kathy Nisley** hasn't forgotten the little people. The *Dear* set star recently took time from her busy schedule to send a touching, form letter to all of her close friends—such as **Katie Couric**, **Phil Donahue**, **Wynne Garbutt**, **Jerry Brannan**, **Beck**, **Moby**, **Gene Simmons**, **Gloria Steinem**, and

**Rein Williams**—standing them for their support. Some—such as **Greg Kinnear**, **Marcos Ruffalo**, and **Susan West**—were such good pals that Nisley had a bit of trouble remembering how to spell their names. The list of names was included with the letter, and recipients' names were highlighted.

For the New Year I took some time to think about the amazing people I've known for years. I've experienced so many things.

I thought of those of you who have directly inspired, supported, employed, and for most of my career, or helped my career continue.

I honor and thank you. Love,

Kathy Nisley  
Be nice to her and you, too, can receive a form letter next year! **W**

## His Life's in Turnaround—Big-Time

**N**icole Brown Simpson was afraid of **Fred O.J. Simpson** played a bigman in a TV pilot. In the life insurance department, there are lots of other spooky similarities between the real-life murder of Nicole Brown Simpson and **Donald Goldman** and the perhaps never-to-be-aired NBC show, according to sources who've seen the script. *Consideration or coincidence?* You be **Judge** **Joe**.

### The Simpson Case

#### Protagonist

**O.J. Simpson**, a retired football hero who just can't say no to endorsement deals. He is played by his wife.

#### Protagonist

**Donald Goldman**

#### Violent moment

**O.J.** a beautiful young wife has her throat slashed

#### Twisting moment

**O.J.** stands over the grave of his brutally murdered wife

#### Killing attire

A dark suit and tie, worn at the murder scene

#### Vehicular-action highlight

**Simpson** is shot

#### TV possibilities

**Reese**



### Protagonist—The TV Movie

#### Protagonist

**Goldman** is a character from whose perpetual study for retirement but who just can't say no to a challenge. *Joe*, he is played by his wife.

#### Protagonist

**A man named Goldman**

#### Violent moment

**Goldman** holds a little too woman's throat

#### Twisting moment

**Goldman** stands over the grave of his brutally murdered wife

#### Killing attire

A dark "watch hat"

#### Vehicular-action highlight

**Joe** is shot

#### TV possibilities

**Now**



If she asks you  
what you're drinking,  
do you really want to say  
the word "spritzer"  
to this woman?

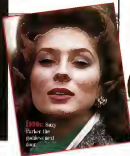


Dewar's





1950s: Audrey Hepburn



1960s: Elizabeth Taylor in the mid-1960s and 1960s



1960s: Jane Birkin, British pop singer



1980s: Expensive dresses: Elizabeth Taylor, Tinseltown, and Campbell



1990s: Kate Winslet—the new one look, the new one

# MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

## Model Behavior

WE'RE GLAD TO have fashion models on the scene, but what on earth are we to make of them? Equinox's own Michael Gross makes a

great deal of them is his go-to new history. Model: The Ugly Women of Beautiful Women (William Morrow). "Consider the top model of each of the past eight decades," Gross says, "and you'll see

the steady trajectory of twentieth-century popular culture. In seventy years, fashion has gone from girth-chained salons filled with ethereal creatures floating about in haute couture to a world defined by Times Square billboards displaying girls in their underwear—and less."

Here's how he maps out the trade in female flesh and bone structure in its evolution from class to mass: The 1920s: Hannah Lee Sherman, great-niece of the great general, poses for Edward Gouache, then goes modeling to marry a New York stockbroker.

The 1930s: Anna Colby turns down marriage proposals from Clark Gable and James Stewart, saying, "I'd rather be lonely than marry." Later, she becomes a columnist and *Elle* magazine regular.

The 1940s: Doran Leigh wins a naval commander and enjoys flings with Darryl F. Zanuck, Harry Belafonte, and scores of others, but the love of her life is married Spanish aristocrat Marquis de Paredes.

The 1950s: Doran Leigh's look, says, Suzi

Paries. Richard Avedon's muse, married a French count, then dumps him, weds actor Bradford Dillman, and settles into happy domesticity with six children in Santa Barbara.

The 1960s: Jean Strington, a pig breeder's daughter, helps coeditor photographer David Bailey bring the decade's revolutionary attitudes to fashion. Models go from aloof and unapproachable to down and dirty.

The 1970s: Pugnacious ex-wife Jane Fonda of Brooklyn becomes modeling's first unabashed bad girl, known for substance abuse and mooning passersby in restaurants.

The 1980s: Linda Evangelista, Cheryl Turlington, and Naomi Campbell flourish their big busts and are seen with an endless parade of men (Mike Jackson), a premarital rock star (John Bon Jovi), and an animal jock (Mike Tyson).

The 1990s: "Would Hannah Lee Sherman have posed bare-bottomed and hairy-chested for his job? Would Anna Colby have stuck around while Johnny Depp crashed a hard room? Somebody tell Kate Moss."

## DESIGN

# Benz Ahead



THE MERCEDES SLK roadster is not due to arrive until early 1997, at a price in the low forties, but designer Peter Pfeiffer and his team have shown the concept version, in deep blue verging on purple, like a Wagnerian overture, with a caramel glove-leather interior. The grille is a rusticated pattern like those that medieval armorers etched with sand—a designer's indulgence that is unlikely to get to the assembly line. But the little duck's-ass flip at the

back and the "power bulges" that run from hood to headrest will endure into the production car inspired by the classic 1950s Mercedes SLs, the new car's initials stand for

*sportlich, leicht, and kurz*—"sporty," "light," and "short." In English, however, they can only be pronounced "alek." —PHIL PATTON



German fairy tale: The Mercedes roadster-to-come

# CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

The Spirited Tradition



## Design for Driving



**Dash of romance:** The 1967 Ford Mustang V-12, with symmetrical dash and red-to-black—due gunmetal of premier Detroit

**P**AST STAGE SET, pure interior design—dashboards—eyes more so than grilles and headlights—are the faces of automobiles. In *Dashboard* (Oxford), auto reviewer David Holland has lovingly photographed dozens of them—the 1914 Ford of Leveaux to the 1973 BMW mini Turbo.

From crude beginnings

when all the gauges that fit were set in wood, classical-style dashboards evolved in to clever Baroque wood and leather, ivory and chrome played out the styles of their times. The 1910 Ford V-8, H&K's, beloved of Ann Garlin, Tony Curtis, and Picasso was says Holland, "a splendid example of strong-room house applied to a

car." In contrast, reflected the aesthetics of their era, from the sleek dashboards of 1950s 88's-Jaguar prototypes to the brushed boomerangs of 1950s Buicks. By the 1960s, dashes were in vogue as the cars themselves, virtual chrome castles of information radiating of modernity.

At night, the glow of the dashboard was sometimes

purple, sometimes green and gold as on the Card Six. Today as the face of the car becomes an interface with all sorts of electronic amenities, the need for romance is even more vital. VW's Concept 1 offers a dash whose soft green illumination was required by the underwater lighting of Southern California swimming pools. ■

## Harlem's Highest Times

**I**F YOU HADN'T MARKS and among Harlem's exotic pleasures, *Prohibition* was, ironically, its greatest good fortune. To degree not easily overstated, Harlem was the stage on which the Roaring Twenties were played out. Where society—and non-society—lived to 1929. Street where the clubs, the music and high times with bootleg liquor, late-night parties and where "Negroes" follow travelers, swarmed

around as a package of two human longings: passion and magnetism. It was the most creative and focused personalities of the time: the black modernists, the "Negroes" in Zora Neale Hurston's characters them. Even Casper Holbrook, Harlem's West Indian number one, featured in every press.

Seven Wilson takes you there, vividly and immediately in *The Harlem Renaissance* (Penguin), a portrait of

strange, naive, "genetrical" charts of music and romance, of art, of love, and of the mind. Wilson's every chapter about you where things happened, who was there, and how it all went down. As the tale pile up, you want to know more, to share more of the genius of the time, to hark back from the disastrous end of Prohibition to the age embodied in tragic modernism. Join Tomlin's description of hun-



**Open your eyes:** House organ of Harlem's avant-garde, 1926.

sell in his first heady Harlem days. "A lot of clubs devoted to formal jazz." ■

OTTO LUKA



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## HARDWARE

# Tops in Laps

FOR THE salesman at Comp USA, and those every day professionals who come in to look over the latest laptops, find out what's hot: it's what's smaller, what's cooler—even though their own machines are still practically new.

Laptopping the guy in the new airplane seat is the newest riches sport. But what makes a laptop hot? Processor speed, no doubt—but also, these days, features such as sharp TFT (thin-film transistor) active matrix color-on-demand key travel (the pro goes for three millimeters), the ability to “hot swap” peripherals with the power on, and the “form factor” (compactness, elegance, ease of use). The new rule: You can never be too thin or have too much hard disk or power. For now, here are the leading contenders in each division. —Pete Dutton

### EASIEST TO USE

**Apple PowerBook 1600** With its knock-out technology, so much the look of a larger machine, it moves as a trackball. Apple has cut notebook thickness to its thinnest with the first PowerBook to be available in the PowerPC chip. It's also dividing in the looks and comes with a 320-meg hard disk, CPU, Motorola 68030 processor at 60 MHz, 3.2 gigabyte, \$4,250.

### CLEVEREST AND MOST COMPACT

**IBM Traveler 286C** The first machine to offer a full 19.4-inch TFT color screen in a robust/look package, it's 3.5 inches high. Open it up and the new patented TrackPoint keyboard springs out to a full-size. Close it and it breaks into halves with a spring bar, like a piece of art. It's also got a full-size keyboard or a variable-sized chocolate bar. 448 MB at 75 MHz, 4.5 pounds, \$4,000.

### THINNEST AND MOST ELEGANT

**Digital V-note 1 Duo C3** Sleekest professional, just 3.2 inches high, with a 9.5-inch TFT screen and a hard drive up to 320 megabytes. An oval on the floppy disk drive constantly under the back. With a color of processing to an Intel 486 DX4 at 75 MHz, 4.8 pounds, \$4,000.



### FASTEST

**Archon J-9000T** The first Proteus machine logs, with a 10.4-inch screen and a built-in 720-meg hard drive. At least as impressive is its 100-meg hard drive. At 100-megabyte, it's 100-megabyte. The price: \$2,499. Your company values you. Product of 75 MHz, 6.9 pounds.



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## John Mariani



## The Return of the Great American Diner

**B**efore White Castle, before McIlroy's, before Denny's, these were the diner beloved, greasy spoon, across the street in the night, serving for numerous Hollywood movies the diner has for a century spe-

The prototype was a horse-drawn food wagon designed in Providence back in 1876 to feed workers coming off the night shift. By the 1920s, there were more than 100 of them in the city.

When a speed limit sign, **City Limits Drive** (artist's guess) in White Plains, New York, won an AIA award for its three-dimensional, life-size homage to neon, polished aluminum, and shiny lane markers. With its candy-colored lighting fixtures, acidulous open grill, and blue-green booths, **City Limits** pulses with

good looking. It even has a Greek-American pedigree in owners John, Nick, and Bill Levonis. The menu balances traditional dinner fare—butter-melted bluisherry griddle cakes, corned-beef hash with poached eggs and grilled pork chops with whipped potatoes—with modern ideas such as crispy cod with wild mushrooms. The chocolate cake is made with Valrhona, the salmon is house-smoked, and the pastry shop up front makes seasonal breads, muffins, and scones.

sell really with the best in the world—a view you'll share after taking his **Beve** **Donut** (105¢/donut) in the Reading Terminal Market. All the design elements are here—the neon the steel lusciously, the life floors, the deep booths—and the food finds ways of America. You'll not find a finer, plainer menu (leaf or better) except than his hearty bistro soup or long soup. His biscuits are requested, and the secret to his RLT is the special Pennsylvania bacon he orders. If he scented his T-shirt you could with spicy mustard and bread a life moment. The donut is a surprise, a large, deep, the inside do not, be could make a lot more money (if he could resist, eat make them any better).

After World War II diners ran their affairs when fast-food chains high on space-age design inside them look antiquated. Today, fewer than two thousand remain. A few old timers—**O'Boyle's** in Middletown, Connecticut; the **Nine Diner** in Boston; **McKey's** in St. Paul—still offer good, wholesome grub. Newer diners like **Armen's** **Southland Diner** in New York's Empire State (with candlelight and piano music), Chicago's **Ed De-**

**Wish you were here:** City Limits is done right.



OUTSIDE AFTER A LONG

## TRAVEL

## Night in the City of Light

**M**ONTREUIL has always been a place apart from the grand, art-filled streets of night Paris, a gothic urban village perched on a 400-foot mountain in the northern reaches of the city. It was a hotbed of symbolism and the birthplace of cubism but after World War I, when the Apollinaires and the Prousts descended to Montparnasse, Montreuil came to be synonymous with neo-romantic Catholicism, a living postcard where every cobbled street led inexorably upward to the Place du Tertre. There, bad artists sat on and sold their paintings under gaily colored umbrellas (two had arms per meter, according to local regulations) in the shadow of the bulbous bellies of Sacre-Coeur. Sophisticated tourists have been avoiding the area for decades.

Now, at last, the joke is on them. Among the faithful worshippers of the city (and their fellow travelers), Montreuil has emerged as the most desirable night district, spilling up through the bones of another generation's played-out bohemia. The voice of shops, restaurants, and cafes that has swept the area plays to Parisians but, if it's not too hopelessly bourgeois to say, offers the visitor superb value as an extremely expensive city.

**Le Stuevre**, on Rue des Abbesses, a ground-floor cab

and the way to begin the evening. Whatever the hours, when you crowd the café till you can't sit, and yet a drunken, elegantly dressed young gentleman can still announce, "I suffer like an artist," and seem to mean it, a little. Myths die hard here.

Two blocks away on Rue des Trois Pignons, not far from a flower shop (the chosen thing dies hard, too), **Le Petit Choe** proposes fine meals—more or less nouvelle cuisine, thoughtful spices. Nearby is **Le Restaurant**, on Rue Yvonne, off the neighborhood's pungently raffish daytime hub, Rue Lepic, an ascending line of open-air market stalls and cheap bars. This neighborhood feels like Paris then like a Latin port town. **Le Restaurant**, by contrast, is a see and be seen sort of place where you may observe gracefully aging models dining with their small dogs—black or gray to match their owners' clothes. The food is light, clever, and confoundingly reasonable, less than 100 francs.

Historically, the commercial life of the foot of the butte, around the Place Blanche and the Place Pigalle, opened as a kind of Yvonne's-lyric for bohemian artists, living thrilling boogie-woogie dances—to the clubs Le



## Where Paris is burning:

Le Petit Choe (top), 104  
de Tuguesse, Le Stuevre.



Chat Noir and Le Moulin Rouge. But by World War II, the original Pigalle had devolved into a night-light district, "pig alley" to American eyes. The sex trade has now declined, only to be superseded by frantically hip nightspots with a distinctly American air (longer incubating the East Village attitude) world on Torry second Street.) Drunks on Belgium still line up at the Moulin Rouge, but today underneath that overcast under noisier is an old-fashioned basement rock club, **Le Tasse**, where—just as gradually but consistently—new up-to-date.

In Pigalle, conventional Parisian culture life has been reoriented along fantastic lines. **Le Meloc**, at 26 Rue Fontaine, is a Swiss cheese of tiny, plushly furnished rooms and connecting staircases, tobacco smoke and a steady blowing out every hole. **Le Tasse**, at 98 Rue Blanche, is a psychoactive mélange of fat public relations columns, lots of guys, and partially undressed young men and women dancing the mysteries of the

Ever wonder why she's holding a light?  
For a great smoke, take a few liberties.



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Mike Lupica

# Let's Play Two Thousand

The only way to stop Cal Ripken Jr. was to stop baseball itself

IT SHOULD BE called Ripken Arena. Or Cal's World. It is the barn-shaped gymnasium on the other side of the swimming pool from his sprawling home on top of a hill in horse country in Reisterstown, Maryland, perhaps thirty minutes from Oriole Park at Camden Yards. There is a full basketball court in here, with a working electronic scoreboard at one end. There is an exercise room above the court that looks as if it should be filled with buff, sweating puppies. And in an area behind the basketball court is Cal Ripken Jr.'s batting cage, featuring a 1932 Dudley pitching machine given to him by his father, Cal Ripken Sr. Clearly, the family takes an interest in things that go the distance.

There are also state-of-the-art goals and smacks stored in a room next door and a machine that can feed Ripken seven balls if he gets tired of hitting baseballs or parading himself on the exercise equipment and playing full-on games of baseball with his buddies. Perhaps an hour from here, in Washington, D.C., baseball's negotiators are still locked in a fierce war over control of the game.

So no one knew what the rest of spring training would look like, whether it would begin with parades, walks or with real ballplayers. And no one could guarantee what baseball would look like on April 4, when the season was supposed to start and Cal Ripken Jr. was to begin his graceful and auburn pursuit of Lou Gehrig's record of 2,130 consecutive games.

But on a high, beautiful hill in Reisterstown, six months from when he played his last baseball game, Ripken is driven by the same sentiment within the walls of this wonderful world he has created as he is in baseball: Cal Ripken Jr. wants to play.

He does not ever want to stop. "You have to understand," he says. "When I was a kid, I never raised my hand to come out."

ON THE BALLFIELD, ON all the days and nights when he has gotten one more game closer to the man he calls Mr. Gehrig, he has always been a picture of quiet grace, playing the game with cool and efficient brilliance. Ripken comes from the Baltimore area, which is Babe Ruth's birthplace, but as he approaches Gehrig's record, he is more like Joe DiMaggio in shortstop than anything else.

But just a baseball in his hands and Cal Ripken Jr. is not just a darling, sparkling baseball animal, he is a big, thirty-four-year-old kid. He does not just swing his bat for baseball; then he goes for baseball. He just lets it out there. This winter, in which the off-season from baseball seems to have lasted forever, he plays ball six days a week. There is his Monday-Wednesday-Friday group and his Tuesday-Thursday-Saturday group.

Today's game is at two o'clock. We have already played one-on-one at eleven. There is a three-point line, and I can tell you honestly that I made one three-pointer. Early it was my only basket. Ripken didn't give those four of courtesy after that. When he had the ball, he dribbled between his legs, he dribbled between my legs, he dunked and swished dunked and nailed them in from outside. And made noise. Most of a buzzer.

We finish playing, and he is leaning against the wall, his baseball cocked on his hip. His hair is thinning, but his face is years younger than the hairline. Up close—not from the distance of the seats—his eyes are smiling enough to be called Paul Newman-blue. Before I left, I would tell him that I had been planning to take my kids to Dorney World at the end of the month, but now I just wanted to come back to his house for a few days.

Ripken smiles. "I carried the idea around for a place like this practically my whole life," he says. "When I was a kid, I decided that someday I wanted to have an indoor facility of my own." That is the word he uses, facility.

"I'd tell my mom about it, because my mother has always been good at dreams. Right from the start, she told me that I'd need a converted barn. So in my head, I always pictured myself buying a big spread like this, with a barn somewhere on the property. And when I got married and we started looking around, I was always selling the agents. 'It's

Iron Owl. He'll never wonder if he might have played more."

## John's losing his hair. His mission: get it back.

ASAP?  
But how?  
Weaving? No.  
Transplant?  
Not for him.  
A hairpiece?  
Never, never.  
What John really wants is his own hair back. And now he's learned, for male pattern baldness, only Rogaine® has been proven to regrow hair.

Normal hair grows and rests in cycles. The exact mechanism by which Rogaine® (Topical Solution (minoxidil topical solution) 2%) stimulates hair growth is unknown. But many scientists believe that Rogaine works, in part, by taking advantage of the resting hair's growth cycle. Prolonging the growth cycle so that more hairs grow longer and thicker at the same time, and you may see improved scalp coverage.

### Will Rogaine work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical trials. After 4 months, 26% of patients using Rogaine reported noticeable to dense hair regrowth, compared with 17% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without minoxidil) — the active ingredient in Rogaine®. After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using Rogaine in the study noted their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (38%). The placebo group reported minimal regrowth. The rest (18%) had no regrowth.

Side effects were minimal. 7% of those who used Rogaine had itching of the scalp. (Slightly 2% of those using a placebo.)

reported the same minor irritation. Rogaine should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp that is not sunburned or irritated.

### Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate that at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment with Rogaine are usually necessary before there is evidence of regrowth. So why not make it part of your normal routine when you wake up and go to bed, like brushing your teeth.

As you'd expect, if you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Rogaine is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed the newly regrown hair within a few months.

Get your free Information Kit, plus a \$10 incentive to see a doctor.

Why wait? Find out whether Rogaine is for you. Call 1-800-554-4848 for a free Information Kit about the product and how to use it. And because Rogaine requires a prescription, we'll include a list of nearby dermatologists or other doctors experienced in treating hair loss, plus a \$10 incentive to visit a doctor soon.

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See next page for important additional information

# The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

**What is ROGAINE?**  
Rogaine is the only topical prescription drug ever which has been shown in a large clinical trial to regrow hair and keep hair from falling out. It is the only hair regrowth product ever shown to regrow hair and keep hair from falling out. It is the only hair regrowth product ever shown to regrow hair and keep hair from falling out.

**How does ROGAINE work?**  
Rogaine works by stimulating hair growth. It is the only hair regrowth product ever shown to regrow hair and keep hair from falling out. It is the only hair regrowth product ever shown to regrow hair and keep hair from falling out. It is the only hair regrowth product ever shown to regrow hair and keep hair from falling out.

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## THE SPORTING LIFE

got to have a burn, got to have a burn." Because that was the way my room and I dealt. I wanted to. Then we fell in love with this property and it didn't have a burn, so I built that place from scratch." Cal's World.

**T**HERE IS ALWAYS talk of what a high speed career would be if Ripken's stroke ends because the season begins with scrub players and without him at shortstop for the Orioles. So five dream place, where he has dreamed of since he was a boy, where he has always worked out with such discipline during the off-season, but become even more of a relief for Ripken this winter. There are more baseball games to fill up his time, more hours to be spent in the cage and with the weights and machine.

He does not just keep working. Ripken has to keep playing. When the fall open baseball begins to come, others will save their hands to come out, but not him. He will play all day.

"Sports for me has always been a combination of love and persistence," Ripken says. "That's who I am, how I approach things. I was brought up a certain way. If I wanted to play and I could play then I would with no questions asked."

He proves it. "I'd find finding someone who feels the same way about training as I do. That even goes for something as simple as playing catch. It's hard to find someone whose commitment matches your own."

For Cal Ripken Jr., it is impossible.

**R**IPKEN'S CAREER has been boisterous, at least so far, by the two longest work seasons in baseball history. He remembers being called up by the Orioles at the end of the sixth season, right after the strike that lasted nearly two months. He felt he'd had a good year in the majors, developing his skills with the bat and glove, getting himself ready for what he was told would be his rookie season in '81. But there were injuries on the team that year, and the Orioles wanted to take a look at him. He got to the plate thirty-nine times and had five hits. His three injured players were healthy again and returned to the lineup.

Ripken had to watch the rest of

the season from the bench. "I couldn't stand being on the bench," he says. "It didn't take long for it to start eating me alive. And I really do remember thinking to myself, even back then, that if I ever got a chance to get back into the lineup, I was not coming out."

Ripken has played every game for the Orioles since May 30, 1981. He was back a shortstop and a third baseman his rookie year. Since the beginning of the '83 season he has played shortstop exclusively. Lou Gehrig was a first baseman. And though I don't want to diminish him, his stroke has stood in baseball for forty-five years and was expected to stand forever—his base, his terms of movement and wear and tear, is not shortstop.

These days, people talk about the stroke more than they do the player, and that is a shame. Ripken is more than just a stroke; he is one of the greatest shortstops of all time, one of the most remarkable talents in the history of the game. He has been as durable a machine at shortstop, as reliable, as that guy Dudley he has in his batting cage.

He has hit more home runs while playing shortstop than anyone who has ever played the position (you, his eighth man that came while he was playing first in 1984). He has won the MVP award twice and played on the Orioles team that won the World Series in 1983. He has a lifetime batting average of .277 and averaged 30 RBIs a season. More than that he has become a symbol of class, not just in baseball but in all sports.

In an age where the concept of a sports hero is justifiably under attack, Cal Ripken has actually become the baseball hero. He is the only player whose name is on the team's all-time list. He has won the MVP award twice and played on the Orioles team that won the World Series in 1983. He has a lifetime batting average of .277 and averaged 30 RBIs a season. More than that he has become a symbol of class, not just in baseball but in all sports.

**A**FTER ONE-ON-ONE basketball, we go on to the Hall of Fame. Myron, a few miles from his home, Ripken was a very blue Nike warmup suit over his baseball clothes. The water, oddly enough, is also named Cal and asks if Ripken would like to go up to the buffet table to get his lunch.

## THE SPORTING LIFE

"Tin too long," Cal Ripken says. "Cal the water comes at the money and gives us time to look over the menu."

I ask Ripken about walking out with the rest of the players last August 2, after his 3,000 consecutive game, and about missing the last 30 games of the season, which means the day when he would play Gehrig—and was supposed to be the first, in Camden Yards, against the Red Sox—had been pushed back until August, and that was only of Ripken and real players started this season on time.

"What's there a selfish part of you that was angry because the final line had been moved back?"

Ripken says across the table with the lock patches that get from him. "I never thought of it as the finish line," he says quietly.

He proves for a moment. "You have to understand something. I didn't set out to do that, and I don't know what it means."

Cal the water comes back and takes a lunch order from Cal Ripken. When he leaves, Ripken says, "Listen, I estimate the stroke, not I estimate it because everyone does. I just think of myself as playing as much as I can for as long as I can. It's not about the stroke. I want to sit back when it's all over and look at my whole career and say I did all I could."

"We all have only so much time we're allowed when our skills allow us to play," he continues. "The talent to a lot of mind games and guts going to ward the end of their careers, and the question I most often ask is: Do you have any regrets? So know what answer I got? I said I'd played more."

Cal Ripken, who might still be playing at forty-five, will never wonder what if life will never have to worry that he should have played more. He has never put up his hand and asked to come out.

And throughout it all, Ripken, the symbol of everything that is right with baseball, never raised his voice in anger. I show him a newspaper photo of two women from the Silver Ball professional team auditioning (and failing) to be replacement players for the Miss Ripken look-alike at a shaker his head, and hands a book to me in silence. Maybe he wants to scream. All winter long.

"I didn't just feel as if I was cheating on them one season," Ripken says. "I felt like I was cheating on all the ones. There was still stuff in storage from when we'd come over from Memorial Stadium. And more than anything, that day represented for me that baseball had been canceled for the year."

The blue eyes are on the road and do not seem to change expression but it is as if his voice has something.

"That was a very real experience for me," he says. "I felt like I was doing away twelve or thirteen years of my life. Maybe that's why I haven't been back to the ballpark since."

Sometimes, during the baseball season, Ripken would drive to early for a night game. These are the times when he is important for the payment of another baseball day and night to begin. He goes into the Camden Club at Oriole Park and gets a table by himself at the window.

"I love to see the stadium come to life," he says. "It's as if it's been sleeping but now it's awake. There might be some guys from the other team out for early home, I even like to watch that I wouldn't do that now, though I don't want to look at empty fields."

There had been some talk earlier in the winter that the Players Association would allow Ripken to cross the picket line, even for scrub baseball, if that is what it would take to preserve his shot at Gehrig. One player said, and that is who was on the newspaper wires, and nobody had ever called Ripken, who wouldn't even hear of this thing.

But the message was clear. We could not let this thing drag into the 1995 season because of Ripken. The owners would be allowed to use replacement players if the strike. Everyone knew that the idea of baseball being turned into pro wrestling was a disgrace.

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## THE SPORTING LIFE

everyone else has screamed for him.

"I have become a way for people to articulate their feelings about baseball," Ripken says.

The ownership of the Orioles looks up to his grin, where the two o'clock baseball is ready to begin.

"Some guys were screaming not to go today," he says. "I was afraid we might have to go four-on-four." He shakes his head. "That's not a real game."

Before you off, Ripken walks me to the batting cage. The balls are back in the bucket, the sign Dudley is turned off, and the screen has been pulled in front of it. This is Ripken's special place. It is well-known how he natural he is about his training regimen. It is one of the reasons why he has lasted: why he has been able to go thirteen seasons without missing a game and get just close to taking someone, the unique pushing machine, so beautifully powerful, really is the perfect prop. There is the feeling of a shrine to Ripken's batting cage.

He pats the sign Dudley.

"Whenever anything goes wrong

my dad [who lives in Aberdeen about an hour away] can come right over and get that thing humming," Ripken says.

He says that after Christmas, there is always a renewed sense of purpose to his time in this cage, and he uses the machine not only to hit but also to take throws and practice applying tags to an imaginary base stealer. Ripken says that if he gets bored, he will move closer to the machine, just to improve his reflexes.

"Or I'll challenge myself," he says "by turning off a couple of extra lights, then trying to hit against that thing. Anything to keep myself sharp."

But it is different this winter, because he could not be sure of a definite starting point for spring training, or any starting point for that matter.

"I haven't found the sign yet in any work that I usually find," he says. "And that's as sad as anything as any part of this."

Suddenly, Cal Ripken Jr. reaches into a basket of old baseballs and picks one up and holds it in the palm of his right hand, as if he needs to do that. It is as if in this special place of his, in the middle of this crazy winter, he wants

to explain why his work, here or in Canadian fields or on all the ballfields of the American League is important to him.

There's a thrill I feel as he sometimes when I've done something right that I'm not sure I can explain," he says. "There's a sense of being successful of performing a certain job a certain way that makes me feel great, even if somebody on the outside would just see it as work. It might be here or it might be up there on the machines, when I feel as if I've worked myself just the point of exhaustion. And just for a moment, I might think, God, I overdid it. That's a transient here, there's a feeling that washes over me, and I know it was worth it."

He puts the baseball down. He runs a hand over the sign Dudley. It is the only pitcher he can face right now. Ripken reluctantly shuts off the lights in his batting cage and goes to play some baseball with his buddies. It is the wrong sport. It is the wrong season for Cal Ripken Jr. But it is his game. At least he is not on the bench. ■

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Stanley Bing

# Information Underload

We read, access, and download. How come we still don't know anything?

**A**S A BUSINESSPERSON, I crave information. I can never get enough of it. I've always gotta get more of it. Ladle it up, shove it down, that's me. 'Cause information is good, (so facts, information is power) information is money, information is a fat slice of layer cake you've got to eat right now. Information is on the highway. Information is on the byway. Pile on the facade! Bing on the proprietary data! Information—the lifeblood of the people! Keep it comin'!

So it pains me to tell you that I have as my possession a tiny little magazine of procrastination that I don't want you to have. I belong to it. I don't have to disclose it. It would be bad for business if I did. It's not material in any legal sense, so I'm under no ethical or financial obligation to do so. Fortunately for me, the Government doesn't mandate my access to it. It's none your business if I choose to tell you about it.

You can console yourself with the thought that my precious rub of information is really nothing but a rumormongers' rumor of a rumor of a rumor of a rumor of something that may someday, if certain other variables fall into place, turn into a fact. When and if that happens, the gods of potentialities will condense and bow! There will then be information. Get it early and you'll thank you know something when or fact you won't. You'll know nothing. But you'll know more of nothing. That's the information revolution in action.

Pardon me. I'm sitting at my desk on the thirty-seventh floor, staring out at the city, staring and licking vapor all around me. There's nothing much I can do right now. Just wait to see how *Sig Web* is going.

to deal with a grotesque sifting of the embryo of information I'm trying to keep from you. It's not the thing itself, it seldom is with *Sig Web*.

It all started yesterday at 2:37 P.M. It was a day much like any other, which is to say from hell. Then the phone rang. It was Larry Blar, reporter. Now, Larry Blar could be his real name or maybe not. If you know a Larry Blar, perhaps it's his. Let's pretend it is because it could be, and nobody's proved it's not.

"Hello," I say into the receiver. I like this as a response because it imports no information whatsoever.

"Stanley Bing?" Blar murmurs into the phone. "Larry Blar. Got a minute?" I know immediately it's trouble. He's in his Bob Woodward-style heat hat, chasing down an enormous scoop for *The Daily Planet*. "I have a very good source close to the negotiations who has told me you people are going together with a consortium of players to buy Romania. I wonder if you'd like to get a comment in before we go to press."

I feel sick. It's false, completely without foundation. Romania's growth vectors are way south of any serious acquisition candidate on our roster. Still, the damn thing isn't so radically, dramatically wrong that it couldn't be slightly conceivable. These crudely laid paradigms of data pop up all the time. Last week, rumor had it that my entire company was being sold to Ben Feldman. Before that, we were purchasing Ron Feldman. Neither was ever true. Of course, on the other hand, they weren't untrue per se, either, since they could be happening right now in an alternate universe.

"No, Larry," I tell the reporter. "Nothing of the sort is happening, at least contemplated. You've got a bum story. Sorry." As I'm saying this, I can feel his cynicism, profound disappointment, and now ambivalence seeping through the phone and running down the inside of my ear. I snatch the receiver to the other side of my head. That, too, is quickly rectified. "I'm not asking you whether it's



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scrubbed-flat. You can tell a lot about a man by his shirt.



THE ARROW COMPANY  
INC. (NY)

Mary and Bob

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

happening," says Blat. "I know it's happening. I just want your comment on it. Should I put your denial on the record?"

"No, Larry," I tell him. "Nobody believes a denial. What I'm telling you is not a denial. It's an assessment that what you are about to report is not only not happening, it's not going to happen. Not ever. You have had information. Why report it?"

"I have to report it," says the reporter. "I have a source on it."

"Can we go off the record, Larry?" Off the record. Yeah sure.

God's honest truth: Larry, this is bogus. And if it appears in your paper, it will create enormous chaos and at least five follow-up stories that will give an collective weight until a won't make any difference whether it's true or not. All that will matter is what has been reported."

"Uh-huh," says the reporter. He is typing. This makes me nervous. What's he typing? I haven't and anything? I can feel a bubble of bile rise from the bottom of my stomach and into my esophagus. What can I do? I kick my heels.

"Tell you what, Larry," I say. "If I can find three totally reliable sources who will tell you the absolute truth, will you consider not reporting a completely enormous thing if it is news?"

"It's a big story," says Blat.

"No, Larry," I tell him, "it's not a story. It's a look played with you to benefit the person who leaked it to you. Can't you see that?"

"Well," says Blat, "you'd have to get me quite a long way to make me believe that this isn't going down."

Finn, I say. "We'll be back to you."

At 5:15, Blat talks with Kluge, a generic player who would undoubtedly be part of the crafting of any such deal. Kluge agrees, on the record, that he's not buying Romarna. "I can get all the pictures I want right here in New York," says Kluge. "He typed that," he tells me later. "It was a joke. I hope I don't come out looking like a jerk."

A 6 p.m. Blat talks with a representative of our supreme executive structure in Houston. He is told that "the company does not comment on title rumor and speculation." Thus I later learn, he takes as confirmation of his rumor.

A 7 p.m. Blat talks for three minutes with Walk, our chairman. Walk tells him that we are not buying Romarna but

less him know that we could if we wanted to. This, I later learn, Blat takes as confirmation of his rumor.

At 7:15, Blat talks with three of our operators. We learn around the rumor who tell him why it would be stupid and distant for us to buy Romarna and that as far as they know we are not doing so. Thus I later learn, he takes as confirmation of his rumor, since none of the commenting parties are in a position to know what might be going on behind their backs.

5:55 I have a vodka and tonic on the train.

7:15 I am having a vodka without some at the kitchen table. My daughter is doing her math homework. My son is wrestling with our toddler. My wife is cooking something that smells good. The phone rings.

"I'm just about ready to put this thing to bed, Stan," says Larry Blat. "My editors want me to put down whether, even though you say it's not happening, right now, you think it could happen. It's well known that Romarna is in play. There are tremendous opportunities to reorganize it and make it profitable. You guys make perfect sense as a buyer. So... could it happen? What do you think?"

"Could it happen? Sleep could fly at some point, Larry. Anything is possible. What I'm telling you is that it is not happening. Doesn't that make any difference to you?"

"So what you're telling me is that it's not impossible for something like this to happen," says the reporter.

My daughter has begun to sing, "What's the frequency, Kenneth?" very loudly and during around the room, bumping into things. My son is bawling. What is Blat saying to me? There is a dash of sympathy in front of me. I want that to be over.

"Not impossible, Larry?" I say. "Are you in the business of reporting what is not impossible?"

"Honestly, Stan, I have this monster space to fill, and it's really late in the day. Do you have any final comments?"

A comment. Oh what? "We're in a growth mode," I say, seeping a rivulet of umami sweat from my chin. "Any one move within our industry is interesting to us, but we're not about to do anything in the near future. I hope you'll be careful to characterize any

thing that you write, Larry, as a rumor."

"I need a picture of your chairman," which his name?" says the reporter.

"No picture, Larry. You don't need an illustration of something that's not happening."

"Maybe we have one in the file," he says and hangs up.

That was last night. This is now. The afternoon mail is placed on my desk. Ah, here it is: *Sly Walk*. And, oh, look. Right there on the front page is our logo next to a screaming headline that reads: **ROMARNA ACQUISITION**. Underneath that banner is a smaller headline that reads: **ACQUISITION COULD REAPERS**. Says nothing about **ROMARNA**. There is a picture of Walk with my boss. The story itself is two hundred words, says, it jumps to another page, where the answer takes up a quarter of an inch.

Industry circles today confirmed the *unimproved purchase of the entire nation of Romarna* by the *Teleo Corporation*. Romarna officials could not be reached for comment although they have in the past expressed interest in any serious offer. The purchase of the *unimproved* challenged Eastern European nations, which was rumored for months and reported in *several* in these pages, comes at a time of great global expansion for American companies. Industry consolidation has been at its peak. In the past months the *Fast Company* merged with *Time Products*. *Orbit* Brothers was acquired by *Martian Manufacturing*, and in the largest sale to date, *Victor* globalized up *Blanchard*, once a leader in the global-distribution role of the *business*. The acquisition could put *Teleo* on the top ranks of these companies both domestically and abroad. We now a growth mode, and Stanley King, co-founder of *Teleo*. Any company now under our industry is becoming it to it. Being sure as it is day the reported rumors are *strongly* close to the *negotiations* indicated that a *formal announcement* would be forthcoming.

Not a bad story. I almost believe it myself. I wish I could tell you more but I have to get going. There's a reporter on line one from the *Wall Street Journal* who is angry with me for not giving her the story first. There's another from the *Time* who wants to make sure they're spelling Walk's name right. And a camera crew from *CNBC* is waiting in the lobby. I told them not to come, but they're here anyway, and I don't blame them.

The people have a right to know. ■

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Unparalleled -  
Malik Yoba  
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Timesmen Square  
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Malik Yoba

Malik Yoba, star of the hit movie, "Cool World" and Fox TV's hit new police drama, "NY Undercover", gives a great performance when he's "on stage". But what Malik gives off camera is just as impressive. Since 1988, he's been a major force behind the CityKids Foundation, an organization that helps children from all backgrounds by inspiring them and boosting their self-confidence. At

Elesse we salute all the successes of Malik Yoba, both big and small. On a personal level, he's Unfaded to give all he's got. Unconditionally. And that makes him "Unlike the Rest."

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un  
bounded



Unbounded -  
Liv Tyler  
Unforgettable -  
By Neil King Cole  
Unlithamable -  
Einstein's Theory  
Unbeatable -  
Secretariat  
Unlikely -  
John Lennon's Death  
Unpredictable -  
Hitchcock's "Psycho"  
Unexplained -  
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 "Casablanca"  
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Sebastian Junger

## uncommon unparalleled

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 Junger and writer, Sebastian  
 Junger, heads toward it. Whether  
 he's investigating and describing the  
 worst storms of the century or actually  
 on the front lines in war-torn Bosnia,  
 Junger's style is all substance. So, at  
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 Sebastian Junger. With uncommon talent and  
 an Unorthodox approach, he's Unafraid to  
 chronicle the Uncharted and the Unknown. And  
 that makes Sebastian "Unlike the Rest."

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"The rewards for breaking  
the rules can sometimes be  
greater than the penalties."

Adapted from a quote by Albert Einstein



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# Happily Ever After

There's lots of shady characters  
Lots of dirty deals . . .  
It's the lure of easy money  
It's got a very strong appeal

—“SMUGGLER’S BLUES”

IT WAS JUST ABOUT ten years ago—November 1984 to be precise—that *Forbes* magazine published an article called “Taking in Each Other’s Laundry.” It was the media’s first in-depth look at the phenomenon known as junk bonds, and it introduced us to a Drexel Burnham Lambert bond salesman in California whose network of buyers had already made him the most feared and envied force on Wall Street: Michael Milken. In a way that story was the curtain raiser to the insider-trading scandals of the 1990s. Now, a decade later, it seems as if the 1990s would be a more puzzling time if only it had its own really first-rate financial scandal. After all, there’s nothing quite so bizarre as the discovery of fabulous wrongdoings in high places.

Like *Watergate*, the insider-trading scandals began small—with the discovery that a Drexel executive named Dennis Levine had been trading through offshore accounts on insider information about pending junk-bond-financed takeover deals. Like *Watergate*, one thing led to another, and before we knew it, a world of white-collar corruption had lurched into view: it stretched from the corner offices of Wall Street to boardrooms across America. In the end, more than five hundred companies—from Warner Communications and Turner Broadcasting to RJR, Nikeco, Maracoma, Viacom, and MCI—were touched either directly or indirectly by the affair. For the first time ever, *Americans* by the millions became absorbed in the ups and downs of high finance.

The scandal proved to be as richly textured as a Tolstoy novel, complete with a



panorama of carnage of a sort that Wall Street hasn’t seen since the 1930s. Huge and presumably on probable financial suspects were driven out of business. Drexel, which once employed ten thousand workers and talked grandly of building a Manhattan skyscraper that would rise above Wall Street, no longer exists; its entire present-day activity is handled by a court-appointed bankruptcy trust, which operates out of a closet-size office around the corner from Grand Central station. Many of Drexel’s once-huge junk-bond clients, such as First Executive Corporation and Columbia Savings for Loan, have now similar fates.



The individual scenes—and personalities—in the story proved equally moving, swinging from images of high drama to low and sordid bathos. There was Martin Siegel, the impeccably groomed Drexel salesman who turned out to be a weak for-loose-liver loan shark. Under pressure from prosecutors, Siegel admitted to having received \$500,000 in cash payoffs from Boesky in return for stock tips about Drexel junk-bond deals. One scene eerily had Boesky’s courier handing Siegel a briefcase full of cash in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel. And there was Goldman Sachs arbitrageur Robert Freeman, who wound up pleading guilty to mail fraud in a complex plot begun after being unfairly accused of insider trading in connection with the bizarre corporate “liver bunny has a good nose”.

But where are they now, the cast of thousands in this vast saga of Wall Street vendettas? Some have sunk from view altogether. Twenty-six-year-old Lisa Ann Jones, a teenage runaway who landed a job at Drexel’s Beverly Hills office and became the firm’s first casualty, was convicted of perjury and obstruction of justice and spent six

Where are they now? The dramatic prison (top to bottom): Michael Milken, Ivan Boesky, Rudolph Giuliani, James Stewart, Tim Tebow, Fred Joseph



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## MONEY TALKS

scandals in prison. At last report, she had resumed her education.

The chief prosecutor in the scandals, on the other hand, Rudolph Giuliani, used the affair as a stepping stone to the mayor's office in New York. Writing columns were launched as well. Much of the best coverage of the scandals was in *The Wall Street Journal*, whose Page One editor at the time James Stewart, wrote a best-selling book on the affair, *Den of Thieves*, and is now at work on a book about Whitewater. And as crime coverage in industry of defense lawyers grew rich off the scandals, as did at least one PR firm, New York's Robinson, Silver, Lewis & Montgomery, which represented Milken.

So, surprisingly many of the actual stars in the affair never really left Wall Street at all—or, at least not for long. They're still trading stocks, bonds, and commodities as if the scandals of the 1990s were little more than a momentary—albeit embarrassing—interruption in the relentless search for money and power.

Take Fred Joseph, the CEO of Dressel. Although he presided over the collapse of one of the richest firms on Wall Street, he now heads a turn-up venture-capital operation called Cloverbrook Capital Corporation.

Tom Tabor, a young Kolster Peabody stockbroker who was falsely accused of insider trading by Martin Siegel, was arrested by federal agents one afternoon as he stepped from his shower. He had to spend almost three years clearing his name. Did he flee from an industry that had brought him such horrors? Hardly. He's trading commodities and futures out of his home in Tibbetts, CA. And Bob Freeman, the Goldman Sachs risk manager? He served four months and was barred from the securities industry for three years and fined a million. Enough to make him quit this game? Not quite. He's back in the market, running what a friend calls "very big money" for himself out of his home in Rye, New York.

The more notorious figures in the affair—including Bosley, Levine, and of course Milken himself—were barred for life from the securities industry. But technically speaking, that means only that they can't be employees of licensed broker-dealers or sell investment advice or securities to others through registered investment advisory firms. As a practical matter, they can still buy and sell

stock for their own accounts. And a loophole in the law—which defines investment advisory firms as those with more than fifteen clients—means they can also legally provide advisory services to friends or lower clients.

Thus, consider Milken himself, who pleaded guilty in 1990 to six felony counts of fraud and was fined \$500 million and sentenced to ten years in prison. The fine wasn't as severe as it sounds, since \$500 million of it could well have been tax deductible. In any case, Milken was paroled after twenty months and promptly resumed so managing his family's still-large personal fortune, much of which consists of partnership interests in various junk bond deals he put together while at Dressel.

When I last saw Milken, last summer, he was suffering from prostate cancer and looked like hell—thin, pale, and weak. "Milo," I said, standing my hand, "how are you?" Returning a glum-eyed stare, he answered, "Fine. Chicago, right?" Then he wondered out, seemingly unsure whether the man who had bankrupted him was a reporter or a long forgotten bond buyer from the Midwest. His lawyer Richard Sandler, says Milken's health has improved since then. "He's coming along," he says. "He's holding his own."

By contrast, the man who became the government's strongest warrior against Milken—Ivan Bosley—has never looked better. At various times since he ran afoul of the law, his lawyers have pleaded poverty on his behalf—most recently in 1990, when Bosley sued his wealthy ex-wife, Susan. He divorced, seeking \$50 million in support payments. Yet almost from the moment Bosley was sent to prison in 1987 and barred for life from Wall Street, rumors have circulated that he had hidden millions in Switzerland. Now, in a new book, *Scams of the 90s*, Gene Marzullo reports that Bosley is back in business, managing close to a billion on Wall Street for various clients through a Netherlands Antilles shell company.

"I am comfortable and quite content," Bosley tells Marzullo. The cog, assistant occasionally spots him dining in swanky Manhattan restaurants, looking unwell, rarely dressed with a full head of expertly groomed white hair. Indeed. As the story says, "It's the lure of my money / It's got a very strong appeal."



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# The Survivor

Smart people in Washington used to say that the time would never be right for **Bob Dole** to be president. Most of those people have moved on. Dole's still here. BY WALTER SHAPIRO



**C**ONSIDER THE CASE for Bob Dole as a classic lonely guy. His high-octane wife, Elizabeth, is up in Cambridge for a meeting of the Harvard Board of Overseers on this Friday in early February. The Sen. majority leader sits alone in their two-bedroom Washington apartment in the Watergate with only his dog, Leader, for company. Sure, he's just flown back from taping the *Letterson* show in New York. But, nah, he's not going to watch it. Not the Bobser. He figures I was there, I've seen it. But Elizabeth might call when it's over—tell me what she thinks. And hell, right as well stay up.

So for the first time in his life, the seventy-one-year-old three-time presidential candidate sits through a full hour of Dave Letter's more his style, *Letterman's* well, a hour or two different. Watching, Dole says that he was a bit nervous at the start, slouching his staff-written *Top Seven* list in his good left hand. Staid on the show that he was run-

ning for president. No secret there, can't he say. *Letterman* made it into a big deal, but news. Good publicity, no harm. Better call Elizabeth just to be sure. She says I was great. Guess it was pretty good, then.

Now Dole's too revved up to sleep. Watches *Crush Clifford*. Then he starts flicking channels. What's on C-Span? Bill Safire, bright guy. What's he saying about '92? D.E. all be over in seventy days from Iowa to the California primary. Pete Wilson will jump in. What's that? Dole and Phil Gramm are going to knock each other off? *Amph*.

It's like a scene out of an old Roddy Dwyerfield routine. Here Dole's *Letterman* performance is quickly being blurred to that of Bill Clinton reviving his 1992 campaign by blowing his own horn on *Amos Hall*. Both *Newsmak* and *Time* are running the identical picture of Bob and Dave posing to their mock campaign buses *OUTRAGE* and *WISDOM*. The *Newsmak* headline seems destined for a campaign commercial: A *BOB DOLE* GETS OUT OF THE COT. And what a Hypnotic Bob doing it: 1:00 A.M. after his generations-spinning media glory? Staring at

a sign of a columnist giving a speech on Capitol Hill, just when Dole is about to nod off with a sense of quiet satisfaction—what? Here comes *Silver Out* of the electronic ether to point the latest scenario about how Dole can't win. Ever.

**I**N THE HALLWAY outside the Senate chamber, Dole is holding an impromptu press conference for about fifteen minutes regularly. Not big news, just carry-over-and-take-with familiar responses.

The majority leader stands with his hands clasped carefully in front of his body so that his good left hand doesn't get wrinkled, wears dark-rimmed glasses on him prying eyes. The creases of age are etched on his tanned face, his curiously go black hair beginning to turn white at the fringes. But his deep, throaty voice, with its echoes of the wind sweeping across the Kansas prairie, and his bold-and-weather-beating style underline his role as the rocking adult in American political life.

The remote spots a President Clinton's ill-fated 540 billion Mexican peso bailout, which is going down the tubes like there is no tomorrow. But the subject—and with Dole, the measure is always the immediate political leadership. Think what Dole will be peddling as a presidential candidate and what, in a small way he is trying to demonstrate today.

A TV producer asks Dole to comment on Phil Gramm's recent attack on Clinton's lack of leadership in Mexico. A fat target—does Dole play partisan games? On Nixon, a few world well known, has been this man's big weakness. But not today no way that's the angle he's trying to make. Instead, Dole comes across as the last square shooter, a latter day Gary Cooper. "If the president says he's going to do something, and we say we're going to help him, then we've got to keep our word." Only now, the danger pass, does Dole turn the knife. "There are many," he says, "who a few weeks ago were all for his leadership. Now I can't find them." (Senator Gramm, call your office.)

Scenes like this help explain why, after four decades of fierce partisanship, and in a very peculiar posture in American political history, Dole has become a beacon for warring Democrats and the smart money to be the next president. A Clinton ad-veter, after confessing a distant political attraction to the Republican leader, concedes ruefully, "They say that every president is in a reaction against the last one. Dole is the perfect antithesis of Clinton."

Part of Dole's appeal is, of course, the contrast with speaker Gingrich. The border between the domains of the Senate and House Republican leaders is not exactly a DMZ, but there are serious lines. House congressman, Pat Roberts, who represents Dole's old district and serves as the informal go-between, contends, "There may well be staff problems, but Bob has gained a genuine respect for Newt, and vice versa." Yeah, sure.

But Dole can never quite hide his feelings. During one of our interviews, Dole recalled, "Six, eight years ago. Now was calling me 'the tax collector for the welfare state.' But that was then, the majority leader stressed, and that is now. Still, Dole couldn't resist a little jab at Gingrich. "I don't see a devoted voice of the staff he talks about." So I implicitly asked the majority leader his views on Gingrich's famous quote. Alvin Toffler's Third Wave information society Dole showed his famous smirk and let out a whistle. "It's not my generation," he said. "I was in the First Wave, I guess."

**T**HREE DAYS from the First Wave just don't give much away. For a man who ranks among the dominant political figures of the last two decades, Dole remains oddly elusive. His press coverage can be reduced to a series of shifting clichés. Begin in the late 1960s with Dole, the firm conservative, then, he was the Republican lynchpin man, as majority leader under

Donald Rumsfeld, he emerged as a closet moderate, his 1980 nomination was as the self-made server who mirrored George Bush's partisan case, and now he is the old-school Senate leader upstaged by Newt's revolution.

Does a grown man really change personality that often? Of course, a successful politician's public persona is of his own making. But something is out of kilter when Dole, whose thirty-five-year congressional career is remembered mostly for two outcomes, his ruling against "Democratic wars" in his 1966 vice-presidential debate with Walter Mondale, and the right he lost the 1988 New Hampshire primary, starting at Bush.

Stop lying about my record. I covered Dole the week after his meltdown in New Hampshire, a defeat due cost him the White House (long as the fact, the Robber would have had with Michael Dukakis). What I remember is Dole sitting miserably in an aisle seat on the dusty campaign plane, shuffling papers and cracking jokes about the chaos of what passed for a schedule. "Maybe we'll just sit around until we see a crowd, and lend." Out of hope, out of money, haunted by failure, he still maintained an admirable stoicism in his performance.

Maybe it wasn't so surprising, since pain, real flesh-and-blood pain, has always been Dole's mortal companion. Fifty years ago this April 16, Dole, a fresh-faced twenty-one-year-old second lieutenant, was horribly wounded by a German shell and almost left for dead in a northern Italian hilltop. An agonizing convalescence left Dole with a crippled right arm and a weakened hand that he shapers by cradling a ball-point pen. Since political handlers believe that every campaign must have a narrative line, Dole will mark this anniversary by formally declaring for the presidency.

The easy contrast with Clinton aside, Dole's war record is also unique among the GOP contenders. He is turgid as the last embodiment of the World War II generation that controlled the White House from Eisenhower to Bush. That was, at least, my cliché of the moment as I headed off to the majority leader's office to interview Dole.

"Make it any money?" The natural greeting at a Dole underdark one he normally reserves for Kansas businessmen and former senators turned lobbyists. A conversation with the majority leader is half banter and half body language. A straight-talking canner himself, I came right to the point. How does it feel to have another shot to be the last World War II veteran to run for president?

Any other candidate would have cut straight to the high-tech reel, running off pre-recorded phrases. Not Dole. With him, the material is delivered to your door fresh each day.

"The Survivor—first ought to be your title," he responded. "Let's see, in 1966 we had Carter—he's gone. Ford's gone. Mondale's gone." Dole then ticked off last year's congressional leaders. "Here it is 1995, and Mitchell's gone. Foley's gone, Mitchell's gone. Bob Dole still has. Means I can't find work, I guess."

Typical, funny, and self-deprecating. But not exactly the reflective answer I had in mind. So I tried again. What has the careers generation of political leaders lost, for the most part, by not serving in the military?

"Hopefully nothing," says Dole's candid response, before adding a little more positively, "but it is something you never forget." He rummaged for a moment on his years D-day anniversary. "Some of those kids learned more about their fathers or grandfathers in a two-day trip than they ever had in their lives"—but then backed off as if afraid of too much introspection.

"Senator, why should you be president?" "I think I fit the job description," he said. "People want someone who's been tested. I'll tell you to people in my house state, my hometown. They hope I haven't lost my compass around here anymore. Right-wing conservative, but hopefully sensitive to the needs of some people who are never going to make it."

There, in a few words—and almost no verbs—was the political essence of Dole. No sweeping vision, no dream call to a shining city on the hill, no sounding the ideological trumpets. [Campaign slogan: "Bob Dole, a pretty good president?"] It is not exactly Bush redux, his listening to Dole. I was struck by the generational pairing of these two Republicans. The dynamic of the '90s campaign around their social class differences. Now I realize they could have been twins in the same platoon, the jeep, and the fox hole—serving under John Wayne in a World War II movie.

**O**N A SMOOT SATURDAY DREBBING, Capital Hill was in empty as Dole's barnstorm of Ronald Reagan. Walking past the Senate office buildings named in honor of Richard Russell, Steven Dikstein and Phil Hart, I realized that Dole had been in the Senate with all these of them. Dole is at a stage in life when he should be resting on his achievements, harvesting his legacy with a final shot at legislative leadership or something his name too, will be remembered on buildings. Why does he want to spend his misadventures in the White House, wrestling with a job that has become a political Bob of Job?

It's hard to pinpoint the precise moment when Dole realized that it wasn't just over for him. As a dazed dancer for Bush just before Clinton's inauguration, Dole was overcome during his speech and began to sob. "I son of saw Bush there," he says now, "and I not only saw somebody who lost but he was somebody of my generation." Dole saw his generation the men who won World War II, being brushed off the stage by self-indulgent baby boomers who had never known sacrifice, had never known life. The torch was being passed and, despite, Bob Dole had never gotten to hold it. But then Clinton stumbled and, suddenly what had been a world dream for Dole at the beginning of last year became a political underdog. Shortly after the November GOP sweep, Dole said War-

ren Rudman, "We've got one good shot left." The Hart-Snow after building was deserted. Dole, in an arched, surrounded by nondescript scenes of Kansas fields that he can identify by scenery began to talk about the narrow race, in light of his age, it might make a one-term underdog. "Some say, 'You'll be a lame duck on day one; others say it's courageous. I think if you had a strong vice-president.' "Then, Dole, unprepared to handle up the most obvious trap, says, "Coke Powell. He makes a point of saying that they haven't spoken on the subject, Powell does have a 'race horse'."

The conversation shifted to Richard Nixon. Dole was Republican chairman during Watergate ("It was my right off" it is a joke he is here telling for twenty years), and Nixon found him for suspected disloyalty, replacing him with George Bush. Later, Dole would blame Carter Ford, and Nixon as "see no evil, hear no evil, and evil." But as a colleague in Nixon's funeral bus spring, Dole wept for his generation's second time.

You don't have to delve too far into psychoanalysis to know that Dole yearned for Nixon's approval. "He always thought I'd be a good president," Dole says. Nixon, in fact, wrote Dole about the 1984 campaign shortly before he died. "He had a lot figured out," Dole says with a kind of awe. "He kept saying 'Your voice is strong. As long as your voice is strong, age is not a problem. You don't look like you don't act old.'"

Thus, the Roosevelt to Dole's second presidential ambitions. The senator feared he was too old to run and Nixon—the ultimate authority figure for a Republican of Dole's generation—granted him permission.

After a week of trying to keep up with Dole, I do not doubt his stature. But his health could be an issue. He was opened up for prostate cancer at the end of age. The same reason that there have been no fire-ups and plans to release his medical records. His level of candor about the operation has been remarkable, and in our interview Dole talked about the aftereffects of the surgery, openly using the taboo "I'm" impotence and incontinence. He confessed, "I never had any incontinence. The operation does what it while. This is terrible. I think when they say only one percent have this problem, they're not talking with the American male."

His daughter, Robin, says that, since the cancer, her dad has been more at peace. Even The New York Times has discovered the "mellow" Bob Dole. And this time around—the last-harsh campaign he never thought he'd wage—Dole, of all people, seems ready to relax. And when most of the young guys in your party are electing to spend more time with their families rather than face you, why not relax?

Of course there have been perveyors of the New Bob Dole since before his own presidential race, and the Old Bob Dole always pushed to self-destruct. How inflow can Dole be when, like Bush in 1986, he is haunted by that marring line on his forehead? His hair, like, started the dawn of World War II presidency, and fifty years after V-E Day, the last narrow seems to finish the job. ■



The last 60 Dole (in 1948) in the red of the classical World War II

**Nixon had '96 all figured out. He kept telling Dole, "You don't look old. You don't act old."**







# THE BUZZ ON JOHNNY DEPP

SO HE DATES THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. SO HE TRASHES THE OCCASIONAL HOTEL SUITE. SO HE GIVES OFF SOME BRANDO. DEAL WITH IT. BY DAVID BLUM

**F**uck you, okay? Just—

Jesus, what a week. You know, you're staying at this hotel, the Mark. It's not your regular place, but come on—you're paying twenty-two hundred goddamn dollars a night for the presidential suite, you think at least they wouldn't look at you funny every time you cross the lobby. Is that too much to ask? Every time... especially this one guy who works there. You can just tell he doesn't like you, he doesn't like you at all. And why? Because you didn't change your jeans or wash your hair?

So it's five in the morning and a couple of million cups of coffee later, and you punch their stupid couch. So what? Technically speaking, you're paying for this couch.

STYLING BY ANJA JONCLARE. HAIR BY JEROME BARNIERE FOR COIFFEURS AT TROIS FRÈRES. MAKEUP BY KATHY BROWNE FOR COIFFEURS. TOP: STEPHEN W. ROCK PHOTO.

CLOSE TO THE  
EDGE: Keeping  
from parking  
garage, leaving  
garage, and open  
house. Depp  
takes his last two  
pages seriously.

Right now, you can do this. And the lamps and the coffee table—oh, sorry, you can't do that! But, you know, for the first time, you're really enjoying yourself here in the Mark hotel.

The next thing you know you're in jail and all these female cops want your autograph and the papers are making up funny stories to tell you. You get your stuff back, and it turns out somebody wrote "Fuck you" in your friends book. You were reading that book, man.

It's not fair. You're a nice guy. You pick up the checks, you pay the bills, you help people out. No problem. You're rich and the girl you dated means you don't have to carry a wallet. You have this thing about stuff. You don't want too much of it, but none of it is nice to have, like a good red wine and a fine car and a new pair of jeans once in a while. But you're famous. They know you whenever you go. That means you gotta be careful. Every time you get a tattoo, they want to know all about it. And the new one says KATE FOREVER, right? They watch you run. You stand in front of a mirror and cut all your hair, and they say it's an image change. You make one move that sucks, doesn't matter if it's good, and they say you gonna make a lot or you're dead. It's not fair. You try to make good movies, smart ones, you find these cool directors who have something to say, and you help them say it. That's it. You read the lines and hang on to your smile. You just want to be an artist and make beautiful, important movies and take really good-looking women and have a nice house in the Hollywood Hills where you can stalk your success—you have to stalk all the time. Who doesn't?

**J**OHN CHRISTOPHER DEPP is making a forceful case for the plight of the American celebrity in the modern age. The thirty-one-year-old actor feels he must do so to correct a false impression held by a substantial percentage of the world's population, who would drop everything to start life over as Johnny Depp. He wants everyone to know that driving a fancy sports car (he is) and around Los Angeles in a Porsche Carrera park (he is) whenever he gets into and paying the tickets, doing beautiful babes (he is) cannot, griffins in London-based Kate Moss, where he gets off almost constantly to visit, as covering a Sunset Strip nightclub (the notorious Viper Room, just outside of which River Phoenix collapsed from a drug overdose) and making Hollywood movies for a living (that asking price just passed \$4 million) isn't as great as it sounds.

Being famous is also what got Depp arrested last September for trashing a statue at the Mark in New York City. Depp knows his celebrity turned a trivial incident into a media event, and he feels certain it was all to promote a hotel and help to raise on his authority.

"It's good for them," Depp says. "Now they can say they have this little bit of history, this meticulous record of history. They can say, 'We had Johnny Depp arrested. I'd like to talk to people. Have you ever had a bad day? Have you ever been arrested in a passive aggressive way? What does it make you feel like?' You have no reason to be like

# IN MOVIES, SOME ARE BORN BRANDO; SOME ACHIEVE BRANDO; DEPP HAD BRANDO THRUST UPON HIM.

Have you ever punched a hole in your wall at home? Most are my home. I live in hotels more than I live in my house.

He pauses as if to allow a moment of home dwellers to consider that remarkable fact.

"If it had been you," Depp goes on, premusing that countless millions out there can hardly name anything about soon famous when they're having a bad night, "nothing would have happened. They would have come to the room and said, 'What's going on?' You would have said, 'I'll pay for the damages and I'll seriously sorry.'"

Johnny Depp is pissed off, a fact that may surprise those who know him only through his movies. In a wide-ranging series of performances since 1990, Depp has established himself as a resource and compelling screen presence. In *Edward Scissorhands*, *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*, and *River Jordan*, Depp, as a tone dramatically removed from his public persona, his movie characters played up his soft, delicate qualities. That, along with his Chelmsford chiselers and wily long hair, helped Depp make an easy transition to fame.

Like so many young stars before him, Depp now suffers from an augmented friction on Melrose Boulevard: as one from James Dean onward have been struggling to emulate, surpass, or at the very least, get to know the scenery one year old memory-giver of American movies. In Brando's recent autobiography he ridicules Depp's efforts to mimic his behavior by once crumpling up his coat into a ball in a party they both attended. "It struck me that he was imitating something I had done," Brando wrote, "and I took him aside and said, 'Don't do that, Johnny. Just bring your coat up like everybody else.'"

Some actors are born Brando, some achieve Brando, and some, like Depp, have Brando thrust upon them. Depp (whose first name matches that of one of Brando's own favorite movie roles, the rebel leader Johnny in *The Wild One*)



**KATE WINSLET**  
Depp, Kate Moss  
hasn't married  
himself a woman  
on Depp's body

has managed to come with him in Don Juan Delmar, coming out this month. It's the story of a psychopath (played by Depp) and a delusional painter (Depp) who believes he is Don Juan. Depp now calls himself a friend, though his voice almost resembles at the thought of the Little One.

"I think he's one of the greatest minds of this century: a genius," Depp and recently, focusing on one of Brando's lesser-known attributes. "Brando never got caught up in the illusion he got to be a Hollywood function and there's fifty million teeth smiling and talking and chomping. It's all teeth and hands. I've got on the back. I know that 90 percent of the conversation I've had in that town didn't start because they thought I was a good guy. What can you do? There's a gotta to be played here. You can play it to the hilt and make this pile of money. I don't want to be fancy people and look back and see how full of shit I was. The people I admire didn't do that."

Depp has been associated with his own conspicuous lack

of aggression ever since he became a teen heart-throb in 1979 in the breakout star of Fox's first hit TV series, *21 Jump Street*. Throughout the last decade, while playing out classes like Gypsy, Scorsese, and Ed Wood, the press has attributed incidents to support the image of an attitude-seeking renegade, hanging from the Beverly Center parking garage. Howling gasoline onto an open flame, even yelling at Kate Moss in the dining room of New York's Ruyshin hotel, where pair makes are known to roam. The events at the Mark have topped right into Depp's violent image. "I had a bad night," he says modestly.

"There have been times that he's misbehaved," says his agent and close friend, Tracy Jacobs of JRM, to whom Depp placed his own phone call from jail. "I'm very tough on him about that stuff."

But sometimes bad news turns into good news. His notable last, not even close friends of Depp's believe that the Mark incident caused any damage to his reputation. One month after it happened, he landed on the cover of *People* and his only complaint about it was the poor choice of the photo. ("They used one with bags under my eyes," he moans.) He has since been on the cover of *The Advocate* and *Penthouse*, ranked among America's most desirable men chosen by *Star* from magazine, and nominated for a Golden Globe for *Ed Wood* (he lost to Hugh Grant). In Hollywood, as most movie roles followed by late January, when Depp finally signed with Paramount to make *Nick of Time*, a big-budget, Hitchcock-style thriller co-starring by Ewan McGregor, the screenwriter for *Falling Down*. In it, Depp plays a young professional forced into a political assassination to save the life of his small daughter.

Depp is doubly in a hurry what you'd expect from an actor whose movie has been linked exclusively with the subjective gritty and oddball. His upcoming movie *Dead Men* is a black-and-white western by independent filmmaker Jim Jarmusch. Depp fantasizes about making a silent film someday, like in *Nick of Time*, but instead himself to director John Dahlman, who probably thinks Jarmusch is a Thrash hero. It should be enough, though, that Dahlman's movies (*Jim Sunday Night Fever* and *WarGames*) often go on more than just audiences, whereas Depp's movies have been nowhere near as successful. Such denigrations are not lost on Hollywood executives, but despite his low-budget returns, Depp has managed to keep the industry believing he is a star—a role sometimes defined by an actor's talent for keeping his name in the papers.

"The hotel thing hasn't hurt his career," says director John Waters, Depp's friend. "He looked good under arrest. I loved the handcuffs—they always work. Criminal movie star is a really good look for Johnny." Waters adds, "The success of a head movie, making should be calculated by the amount of damage done by the amount of column inches." When Depp hit Mickey Rourke got thrown out of the Plaza for trashing his suite two months later, a week's news was next headline in the New York Post didn't mention it. "What's he trying to be," Nicolas Cage asked the first, "Johnny Depp?"



DEPP MEAN IT: That, the Mark hotel says, the Captain says.

# "I LOVED THE HANDCUFFS," SAYS JOHN WATERS. "CRIMINAL IS A REALLY GOOD LOOK FOR JOHNNY."

Something alerted Depp's keen sense for imminent conflict right after he checked into the Mark early last fall. That wasn't one of his regular haunts, but when you're in the market for a presidential suite in the last minute, you take what you can get. He'd come to New York in part to do publicity for *Ed Wood*, the Tim Burton project he felt so passionate about that he'd passed up the part of Lestat in *Interview with the Vampire* and the lead in *Speed*. In retrospect, what followed—specifically his arrest for two counts of criminal mischief resulting in \$2,970 in damages owed—did not surprise Depp at all that much. Nor did the media response, which resulted in precisely the amount of history Depp envisioned. Depp has joined a long, distinguished line of celebrity hotel rooms throughout history one that stretches back at least as far as Ludwig van Beethoven, who is said to have snored a chair through the window of his Vienna hotel room.

**D**ID ANYBODY GO TO jail for it? Depp asks the question with an extended blink of both eyes, which to a witness might be an alarming sight, though it also resembles a bizarre facial tic. (After looking in vain for something wrong with Depp's perfect features, you start going picky.) His blue work shirt, white T-shirt, and gray jeans do a nice job of not distracting you from his face. At the moment, he sits in a black vinyl booth at his black-walled Hollywood hangout, the Viper Room, demonstrating his perfect ability to be cool without trying. He's almost annoyingly good at it. Without waiting for an answer, Depp gets up to pour himself another

cup of black coffee from behind the bar. The guy drinks an enormous amount of coffee. After hanging out with Depp for a while, you start to realize how he came to be seated in his hotel suite at five in the morning and maybe a little later.

Across the room, a young blond goes through a second check on the stage. Tonight is *Swing Night*—or *Marines Night*, depending on whom you ask—at the Viper Room. The tiny, dimly lit space will soon be overflowing with members of the Hollywood elite. One couple will command the dance floor while the rest will sip their five-dollar drinks and sip the cigarette gaze Depp has kind of re-created the world of Old Hollywood. Between sets, the music on the sound system will be big and wild. "My idea was to play Louis Jordan and to segue in the Velvet Underground," Depp says. The room has only five booths, one of them permanently reserved for agent Tracy Jacobs, with a gold plaque that warns "noisy rock stars in the murals in the booth, and within seconds another cigarette comes out of the open pack of Camel Specials at his right elbow. That pack sits on top of an unopened one. He picks up a gun and pulls the trigger. A flame comes out. "It doesn't always work," Depp says, glaring at the lighter contemporarily.

Depp knows his reputation for anger. He's been in trouble with the authorities since his early teen—first breaking into Disneyland at a self-styled delinquent in a blue-collar Florida suburb to an arrest for monitoring a security guard in Canada in 1976. He's well aware that the incidents at the Mark support the public view of him as a miscreant, which he doesn't really care about, which is what he has seen since his famous warty cherry cigarettes within easy reach. He passes frequently to sip each cigarette vigorously on the black Formica tabletop.

"Let's just say that my stay there wasn't particularly comfortable," Depp says. This may make those who stay in Marmon as a relative term. But for a man who has spent the better part of three decades in jails and T-shirts, comfort is a top priority.

In Depp's view, the course of his discomfort at the Mark was just Kismet. At the heart's midnight-to-4 a.m. security guard. Kismet saw Depp frequently coming in and out of the Mark's quiet, almost libidinous Depp, an inmate had been out several nights on the town in New York and his peak partying hours coincided with Kismet's watch.

"It seemed like this guy couldn't stand Johnny," says Jonathan Shaw, a close friend since the early 1970s, when Depp was a Los Angeles rock 'n' roller in the slow lane and Shaw a local music artist. "Johnny dressed in leather and jeans and not all fancy like everybody else in the joint." Shaw remembers this from his own visits to the hotel to see Depp, who confirms the discrepancy. "The guy was a little foggy," Depp says. "He decided that he was going to let me get in the famous guy's face. I don't really take too well to that."

That night, Depp was in his suite with then-*Elvis* Calvin Klein billboard Kiss Moon She and Depp had been dating for months. No one had yet labeled them "engaged," but all of Depp's previous girlfriends had eventually been promoted to the title of fiancée, at least by the tabloids. You were not likely to read DEPP CAUGHT IN LOVE HERE were



**A CONFESSION'S WORTHY  
FOREFATHER:** Depp with  
beloved best-worst brother  
Mickey Rourke in the scene

of the crown, a coffin  
Depp hangs tables for  
looking by the police in  
New York.



muscle headlines, he'd won a hard-earned reputation for small-screen iconography. At one time or another, Depp had been reported as engaged to Sherrylin Fenn ("Number one of us was famous," Depp raves), Jennifer Grey, and Winona Ryder, who even got herself a spot among Depp's legendary tattoos. Most may not have yet earned herself a mention on Depp's body, but friends say the two are definitely in love. Are they engaged? "I just don't know what that means engaged," Depp mutters. "That's just something that gets reported." Depp seems almost depressed over the public's fixation with *Mouli*'s weight. "She can like a champ." Depp says sweetly defending her against criticism of her weight. "She really puts it away. Why punish somebody because they have a good metabolism? Because they digest their food better? It doesn't make any sense."

He wasn't drunk or on drugs, and he wasn't fighting with Kate Winsa. That is all Depp will say about what went on between him and Winsa that led up to crushing noises from inside the car at five that morning. The comedian named himself Kington in Depp's favor; the security guard told police later that he'd heard crashing sounds from inside the van and saw a broken picture frame in the hallway outside the room. (Kington referred all questions about the incident to Raymond Jackson, the Mark's general manager, who repeatedly declined to discuss the matter.)

"This guy had probably one too many cups of coffee that night," Depp reflects, and he is in a position to know. "He was particularly funny. He decided to call the cops in a way that I didn't think was particularly necessary. If I walk into an antique shop and I bend down to look at something over here and I accidentally knock a pot off the rack, it's stupid, of course I'd pay for it. If I buy a piece of glass I smash a mirror or whatever, I'll pay for it. I can probably handle the bill. That's that."

Kington told Depp he'd have to leave the hotel or he would call the police. Depp offered to pay for the damages but argued that he shouldn't have to check out. So Kington called the police, and by 5:30 a.m., Depp had left in the company of three officers from the Nineteenth Precinct. (By the time of his release the next afternoon, Depp had occupied three cells at the precinct at Grand Central, and in the Tower behind New York City police headquarters. Women

officers mobbed him in all three.) According to the police report, Kington listed ten damaged items: two broken seventeenth-century picture frames and prints, a china lamp stand, a Chippendale glass tabletop, broken coffee table legs, broken wooden shelves, a shattered vase, a cigarette burn on the carpet, and a red drink chair.

"Did Johnny do all that?" asks David Beinhart, the New York criminal lawyer who handled the case for Depp and who recounts the experience a pain shared generously with his peers. "I don't know, and neither do they. That crazy damage figure they asked for was also far what he owed for the room, two nights before, three nights after, something like that. This was a fucking shakedown. I wish I could have gone to court on that, because no one else had to do a thing. They put together the list of damages while he was in custody. Anything could have happened in that hotel room."

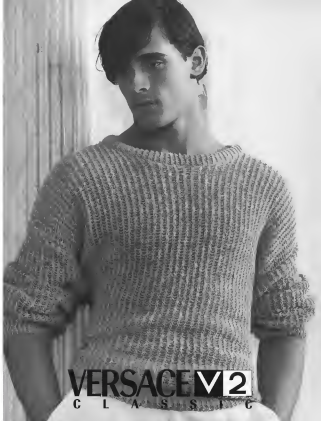
But Depp doesn't deny what happened. "It wasn't a great night for me," Depp says. "I'm not trying to excuse what I did or anything like that, because it's someone else's property and you gotta respect that. But you got into a bad space, and you're human."

**D**EPP IS SMOOKING in the lobby of the Sunset Marquee in West Hollywood. "I gotta lead up on some nicotine," he says without apology. This coffee of choice tonight is a Coke. The valet parkers here know him and nod happily toward the high-cipping star as they walk past. Depp claims to have lived in every hotel on L.A. At one time or another, including drive-ins, just a few blocks from the Viper Room. At the moment, he's living in his Laurel Canyon house for practically the first time since he bought it two months before the 1994 earthquake. He'd been in London during the quake, and a week's worth of sleepless nights had him. "How did you make out in that earthquake?" she'd called and found out his place had been wrecked. It took seven months to rebuild, and now he's back in it, at least until his next departure.

"Hey, Johnny?"

Standing over Depp is a blonde, pumped-up man in his late thirties with only a passing resemblance to the comedy-animator Drew Carey, even though that's who he is.

Carey and Depp haven't seen each other for years. They aren't really pals, but they did spend a few months together in Florida in the mid-eighties, making a soft porn comedy called *Private River*. Depp has been trying to forget it ever since, but somebody's always bringing the damn thing up. And now what's he going to do? Carey has been shooting the shit with his old costar Johnny Depp, and you can tell it's all



**VERSACE V2**  
CLASSIC

peppy cheering for a guy when at least a few people in Hollywood are trying to smother it.

"I've seen all your movies all except that El Wood thing," Clay says. For a guy whose trademark is the rusty remark, he's surprisingly good at flattery. "You're picking great stuff, doing great stuff. It's great."

"Thanks, man," Depp says. "You look different. You look bigger. You're wearing a suit, right?"

"Yeah, but it's my lady. They're a weekend," Clay says. "I got two of them. They keep you motivated."

Depp nods as if he understands, even though he doesn't. He lights another cigarette.

"I'm off there," Clay says, glancing at the Camel and explaining that he now wears a nicotine patch. Clay then tells a quick story about a guy whom he'd been talking about Depp, back in the pre-famous Pagan days. The guy called Clay up after he saw Depp's name on the credits for *Jump Street* and said, "So there is a guy named Johnny Depp. I thought you were making it up."

Depp smiles and exhales. "It's not, man," he says.

Amnesia isn't based on impressively perfect showbiz name or age, when it comes off the lips of every American teenage girl. The son of Jake and Betty Sue Depp, now divorced, had dropped out of high school eight years before and had spent most of his youth staying up his hometown of Minner, Florida, outside Miami, where his dad was a public works official. It was no small irony that Depp would shoot to fame at age twenty-four as an underdog high school star on *Jump Street*. Only four years earlier, he'd been convinced enough to rock 'n' roll to pack up his guitar, his wife (Lori Allison, whom he married and split from within a year) and his band (the Kids) and move to Los Angeles, where he subsisted by selling pens over the phone ("My first acting gig") and his wife's boyfriend, Nicolas Cage, helped him get his first real acting gig in *A Nightmare on Elm Street*.

Depp remembers making almost a week for six weeks of work. "I never had I seen anything like that." He keeps at it with TV roles (you can catch him on a third network) and even though *Private River* didn't make him famous, it did show his naked butt. In 1991, Depp got a small part in *Alison*, but he still escaped much notice. *Jump Street* introduced Depp to big-time celebrity and led to a peak of ten thousand letters a week from loveable fans. But he hated Fox's packaging of him as a Tigerfoot cover boy and left as soon as his contract expired in 1993. "I always thought Johnny should have been made into the teen idol guy," John Waters says. "and live in a big house with huge girls and have screaming girls outside day and night." But instead, Depp made Waters's *Crybaby*, which turned his TV image on its head and won the kind of back-to-back built-up classes. Even though *Crybaby* flopped, Depp's chance to go with the director of *Pink Flamingos* and *Honey, We Shrunk Ourselves* out of television as a comedy was his second starring role elevated him to the level of movie star. Tom Cruise had to wait down Tim Burton's *Edward Scissorhands* before *Johnny* Caryn Fox would offer the role to Depp. The studio had no regrets. The movie grossed \$15 million.

"That character was the closest to me," Depp says fondly. "I'd always had a lot more dialogue in the script, but I personally felt that he was a little bit in the brain. A really smart child." After *Scissorhands*'s success, Depp's career was assured. Five years later, Depp had reached Hollywood's A-list without a single box-office smash. Along with Tim Cruise, *Bad Boy*, and *Kansas* Reeves, Depp gets a look at most major

screenplays in Hollywood with a starring young male role. Depp likes to travel almost all the time and has gradually removed American Airlines' schedule of New York departures. He fantasizes about one day being in France and confesses to a continuing weakness for fine red wine and "a couple beers." He carries no wallet and has only a few crumpled dollar bills in his pocket, though also stuffed into his bag are 100 bills in that well-worn gold card. He helps provide for his family and friends, his best friend from Florida, Sal James, manages the Viper Room, and his sister, Christy, works for him full-time. "She's organizing all my stuff," Depp says. "I still have success. I haven't unpacked from *Scissorhands*."

Depp's money supports the accumulation of a lot more stuff. He financed an eleven-minute short film he codirected in 1995, not surprisingly called *Shif*—one long tracking shot through a house full of money stuff in form of grifter-filled walls, with a rock 'n' roll soundtrack. "I like the idea of images and sounds that don't necessarily mean story and plot," Depp says. "My aunt is a." Depp followed up in 1994 with an eight-minute movie he directed on his own, *Flower*, a passionate but provocative examination of the world of hard drugs. He hopes to bring directing and is considering his future about with a screenplay based on a Gregory Mankowski novel called *The Bone*. "The script needs a rewrite," he says without hesitation, apparently having mastered the rudiments of Hollywood dancing already.

A FEW DAYS AFTER the incident at the Mark, after Depp had taken his belongings to another New York hotel and unpacked, he glanced inside his copy of the friends autobiography that had been on his night table and discovered the notes. "Fuck you, Johnny Depp," someone had scribbled on one page. "You're an asshole," had been written on another. "I hate you," on yet another. The notes went on and on, covering many pages inside the 400-page book. Depp figured it had to be one of the band's staff members. Some of the guys just want to get in a movie star's face.

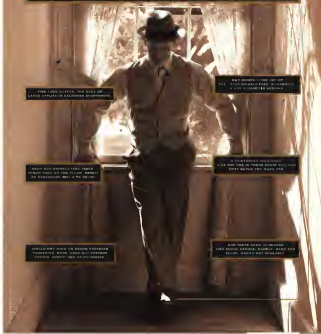
"There are two kinds of fans," Depp observes. "There's the kind who just wants your autograph or to say something nice. That's fine. But there are those guys who are too mad for autographs. People try to give you off. They want to get your autograph."

The next night, Depp went with Jonathan Shaw and some other pals to a downtown bar called *Hydraly*. By the next day, he'd become another headline across *Page Six* in the first, very real, in just sixteen hours. "I didn't take long for Johnny Depp to become to show his wild side again following his band breaks the other night," *Page Six* read, saying Depp "allegedly quarled a fight." The next quoted one man's version that Depp "slammed into me" and said, "Fuck you."

Depp tells it differently. "This guy walked past me in the bar. He pulled out what resembled a penis—but I have a sinking suspicion it might have been a thumb. This goofy fucking guy—and said something like, 'Fuck my dick.' I'd just gotten out of jail. They'd said, 'You're to stay out of trouble for six months.' Meanwhile, it's less than six hours later. My first instinct was to... we all have that animal instinct inside of us... your instinct is, Go for the throat."

But nothing happened. He let it go. Man, who wants to go back to jail for that?

EVERY MAN SHOULD SPEND SOME TIME IN HIS FATHER'S SHOES. JUST DON'T BE GAUGHED DEAD IN HIS PANTS.



THE LOGIC OF THE BARK OF LATE, APPEARED IN A LATE NIGHT SHOW.

THE BARK OF LATE, APPEARED IN A LATE NIGHT SHOW.

THE BARK OF LATE, APPEARED IN A LATE NIGHT SHOW.

THE BARK OF LATE, APPEARED IN A LATE NIGHT SHOW.

THE BARK OF LATE, APPEARED IN A LATE NIGHT SHOW.

THE BARK OF LATE, APPEARED IN A LATE NIGHT SHOW.

SAYANE, CUT FROM A DIFFERENT CLOTH.

No Wrinkle

SAVANE





AS ERIC MORSE'S DEATH PROVES, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU CLING TO LIFE ON CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE, IT IS OFTEN IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP FROM GOING DOWN

# Falling



By Adrian Nicole LeBlanc  
Photographs by Eugene Richards

ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1994, Armond Runkins, ten, and Tyrone Johnson, eleven, pushed open the metal doors of Doolittle East Elementary School on the South Side of Chicago and headed home to the Ida B. Wells projects. It had been more than a year since the season of running children. So many kids had either fallen, jumped, or been thrown from the windows of high-rise projects that the city's authorities felt compelled—perhaps by the accumulating lawsuits—to take action, and window guards were now being installed. On that autumn afternoon, then, when Armond and Tyrone were

walking home, Eric (one in the projects had reason to believe that if their children were going to die—and their children often did—they wouldn't die by falling from high windows)

Armond and Tyrone (not their real names) had become friends years earlier, around the time Tyrone's daddy, Tommy Jenkins, got locked up, when they were both living at 547 East Browning Street, right behind the school. Last year, with Armond's father, Wade Runkins, also in

prison, the boys spent more time together than ever. Both fathers knew that (this was the age when boys started doing "dumb shit"—things that could get you incarcerated). Already their sons had been arrested many times, and just a week before that October Thursday a judge ordered Armond to spend ninety days in home confinement for gun possession. Tyrone's father did not care for the time his son spent with Armond. When Tyrone and Tyrone had visited with each other in prison, father had chastised son: "I punched him

in the chest—been, been, been—and told, 'You hear how that boy Armond done.' When a child gets that age," Tommy said, "they father will not only cipher out the wrongs of society but he gonna give his caput to the child." Of course, he had to give his report that day in the courtroom of the Stateville Correctional Center.

Armond—small, sleepcapped, in a too-big T-shirt and dirty jeans—didn't always make it to school. Last year,

when his dad had been locked up, he'd missed go out of the school days. His friend Tyrone, a dark, wide-eyed boy, wore the ratty pants and white shirt of Catholic school, not because he went to one but because his mother liked to dress him proper. If Tyrone's father hadn't been in jail, he would have picked his son up that afternoon.

There was supposed to be safe passage home for schoolkids a barren corridor of frayed tennis a willing to stand up to the puns, but no local rules had shrunk to three women from the Ida B. Wells projects. The women were known by some in the neighborhood as the "witches" because they managed the rule home among children—children navigating shanty stores and brothers to TVs to community programs, eight-year-old boys and girls heading to their fatherless homes to clean and baby sit and cook.

That October 13, the two friends shadowed the edge of Midden Park, returning to their homes on the sixty-nine-acre tract of Ida B. Wells, the city's oldest public-housing development, a few blocks from Lake Michigan. First built in 1936 as a series of row houses, the complex grew to include the seven-story "cottages" and the fourteen-story high-rise. The boys cut through the dense concrete box of the original row house like it's a maze, weaving around rusted Dumpsters

that gangbangers position along the crumbling interior stairways to block rival gangs from drive-by attacks.

As they struggled along, the two tried to figure out how to make their neighbors, eight-year-old Derrick Lemon, a cousin of a boy with a shaved head, and his brother, five-year-old Eric Morse, a little accomplice for getting them into trouble. Days earlier, Derrick and Eric had been detained for shoplifting. They told their mother, Toni Morse, sorry me, that Armond and Tyrone had put them up to it. Toni and her sister, Arletha Morse, thirty-one, had passed the word on to Tyrone's mom.

Around 7:00 that Thursday night, Armond and Tyrone spotted Eric playing outside with Derrick and paused when they have been then that they around the brothers to their clubhouse in a nearby high-rise, 414 South Langley. The building stands among three similar structures—were now abandoned—in an area known because of the killing that has occurred there, as the K zone. The four entered the building peacefully, according to the guard. The brothers rode the sluggish elevator, Armond and Tyrone took the stairs. To the brothers, this may have seemed a nice to

"Only ground's five feet from the fourth floor, which's where Eric Morse is playing, at one point left to be stuck after tripping over with his sister's girlfriend."



Armond and Tyrone, the clerk upstairs may have offered one last chance to confer on how they would lighten the younger boys. When the fifty elevator doors did open on the fourth floor—that bank of elevators stopped only on odd-numbered floors—the older boys were waiting. The four proceeded up one more flight, to the top floor, in apartment 405, the club. The brothers walked in, holding hands.

Like most dancehalls in the projects, this one required special entry—making through the plywood door that had been created just a few hours before. Apartments 405 had had an air of traffic since so last resident had vacated in July 1993. Tin of the eighteen units on the top two floors remain unoccupied. Danger dwells in empty space, and the higher you go, the more empty space there is. Donald Brubaker, who lives in the apartment immediately below 405, often climbed the stairs to clear out the teenagers and children. The night before, he'd gone up to find boys knocking a hole in the wall connecting it to the next apartment, as one they had to escape from the police. His wife, Annie, heard only shuffling this night, however—what sounded like a chair—and she said to herself, "They're being quiet tonight."

The order of the following events is unclear. One account has it that Armond ran to an open window. He called Eric over to watch a fight, but it was a quick. The other story is that Armond and Tyrone began beating Derrick, and Eric jumped to his brother's defense. Either way, within moments, Armond and Tyrone had seized Eric, one grasping him by the shoulder, the other by the legs, and tried to hang him out the window. They failed, according to the police, at least in part because of a window guard. Derrick fought the two boys off, grabbed Eric's arm, and pulled his brother to safety.

But the battle wasn't over. Apparently Armond continued to struggle with Derrick, trying to hit him with a piece of rubble from the punched-out hole. Meanwhile, Armond removed from another window a plywood square stamped with the standard issue MICHIGAN AIDS INFORMATION. This window looked a good, shortly after that, Eric was again in jeopardy, now dangling from the ledge, clinging to Derrick. Eric was an agile child, but he couldn't hang on forever. Not was Derrick able to sustain his grip, especially after Tyrone hit his fingers. Eric fell. Tyrone left told his father that when he looked out the window the "baby" was falling backward. Flying Eric, five years old, forty pounds, fourteen months down, stay rules per hour at the moment of impact.

As soon as he lost hold of Eric, Derrick flew into the hallway, spending around corners to the dark stairwell, stumbling, falling. He thought that if he ran fast enough, he might catch his baby brother before he hit the ground.

**T**HE RESCUE quickly floated into the fall air: how the ambulance showed up forty minutes later, how Eric's life could have been saved, how Eric was conscious after he fell and said bystanders what had happened, then died right there on the ground; how Derrick had told a lady on the fourth floor, but she didn't believe him and returned to finish her dinner; how it was drug-related, a warning to Erica mom to pay a debt; how it was, like many kids' deaths in the B Wells, somehow related to a gang.

At the foot of 913, the crowd that had gathered after the fall was breaking up, and the remaining team of detectives pooled around their cruisers, talking. Someone pushed out a plywood window board from the high-rise down on them, but it missed.

Within days, a candlelight vigil for Eric took place, described by one girl as everybody marching with their "killing tapes." Jesse Madison, director of a nearby boys-and-girls club, said, "Five weeks afterward, everybody was running out here to stand at the foot of the window where he hit, as if it were holy ground."

The police reports cite the motive to revenge for the brothers' "gotten there [Armond and Tyrone] in trouble." The case is still pending, but as it goes on, it may be found responsible for last August's murder, the worst that can happen to the boys is that they'll be sent to an out-of-state locked facility until they turn nineteen, since Illinois has no such facility for children this age. In fact, because of this case, the Illinois legislature passed a bill mandating the construction within the state of locked facilities for juvenile offenders under thirteen.

Tiya Ben, who then headed Victim Assistance for the Chicago Housing Authority, worked late the night of October 17. The Victim Assistance officer—the first in any housing project on the nation—is located on the first floor of 913. As Tiya rushed to the hospital, Tiya took care of Derrick. He wanted to talk. He wanted to tell someone. Tiya remembers: "Their mothers really gonna get them, he said over and over. 'Their mothers'—not the police—'their mothers really gonna get them.'"

Derrick told the police what happened, who did it, and where they lived. "I really liked that kid," says Detective James Riley on investigators on the case. "He was a great little person, not totally hysterical." Within forty-five minutes of the killing, at 913, too, the detectives had picked up Tyrone and Armond. They were hanging out in a crowd, one block away from the high rise where it happened. A friend of Armond's mother's told her that the boys



had bragged about throwing someone out a window, but no one had believed them.

According to the police, Tyrone and Armond—interviewed in separate rooms—at first denied their involvement, blaming other boys, then blamed each other. When told that Derrick had explained what happened, they confessed. Press reports claim that Tyrone came up with the plot.

"It was the lack of concern that bothered me," says Riley. "Either they didn't realize or they didn't care—I can't get inside their heads. So young. But you expect a story. A story or at least a crocodile tear. Nothing. That's what sticks to me."

Armond's mother, Shirley Barlowa, thirty-eight, recalls managing to ask her son, "What made you do something like that?" and she remembers he gave her a nasty look. "He looked at me like I was crazy, as if I have some nerve asking him like that."

The next morning, Tyrone's father, Tommy, thirty-one, woke up with an odd conviction of trouble. He lay on the mattress on his left, listening to the radio. His house began to sweat, but he started getting jittery. On the radio, John Davis of Channel Two News reported that the previous evening, a five-year-old had been pushed to his death from a fourteenth-story window at the B Wells.

With projects, right across the street, from where Tyrone's boys now lived with their mother, Sandra, "My son have something so do with that." Tommy thought since his callbook was on lockdown, he couldn't even make a call to find out.

**B**Y 1990, Eric More became a symbol to the world that never knew him. He was compared to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.—He gave his life for something himself" (a "debraider" from ac-

tual services), a "flower in the desert" (Bill Clinton), and a "naked hero and a saint" (the seventeen-year-old preacher who gave the funeral sermon). To his family, though—his grandmother, mother, eight aunts and aunts' mother, cousins, and five siblings including Derrick—Eric remains a boy, dearly loved and totally missed.

He was a boy who could tell a story right, clear from the beginning to a satisfying end. "He could tell it," his aunt Audretha says with pride. She's a very pretty woman, a housekeeper at the Windsor Hotel, who for years lived on 537 East Broadway, one of the exteriors, the building where Armond and Tyrone had met. "Without a single uh uh, uh or a you know" she says. "It was like you could picture his stories like a movie. When Derrick was to tell you about a movie, he says uh uh then, and Eric would say, 'Man, he gave let me tell Auntie.' He remembered details I gave him one of those Jason stories. Oh, I mean huh?"

Eric, just three and a half feet tall, dived and tumbled his way through the projects. He liked the gymnastic mode of traveling. If he stood even then five feet away from you and you called him over, he'd slipped and tumbled. If he

In place of their new life and stories, at their old friend's funeral, Eric's mother says: "He gave his life for something himself" (a "debraider" from ac-

made a mistake in his routine, he'd get right back up and flip his way toward you again.

With so many trucks and uncles, the children always had spare change. They spent it on candy. "Eric would spend," says Arlethea. "Not a lot, but if you asked, he'd give you something. He didn't like it if you begged."

Derrick and Eric looked out for each other. Whenever something happened, says Arlethea, they came together. "He questions." But if Derrick had something wrong, soon enough he'd hear his mother yelling for Eric, because Eric wasn't one for covering things up. "Man, you shoulda told the truth," Eric would tell his big brother. "You shoulda told the truth, 'cause you shouldn'ta did it." And he'd lead him to his room.

Certainly one thing Derrick and Eric were not reluctant to flip up to was that, in late September, they had beaten a few cars to death. They told their aunt Arlethea that Armond and Tyrone had put them up to it. "Two weeks later, on a Saturday, a store clerk at Jewel's, the only supermarket in the neighborhood, caught Derrick and Eric shoplifting. The manager immediately called their mother, Toni, to pick them up. Again, the boys blamed their actions on Armond and Tyrone and said they were afraid."

That Sunday, Derrick and Eric each received a dollar from their guard mother, Lela Morse, who visited them after attending church. Toni told Lela, "Man, don't give them any money you're going to spoil them," but Lela didn't pay her daughter any mind. "They are my grandchildren. I love 'em. And I give them money if I want it." The boys thought nothing with their bags and like scores of cotton characters such as Raggedy Ann and Duffy Duck. In Lela's view, Toni had already spoiled Eric, carrying him all over the place for just the age when he could walk, right up until he was two.

On Monday and Tuesday, Toni kept her sons in home Tuesday night, she decided to confront Tyrone's mother. Reprimanding someone else's children could be a dangerous thing, to Arlethea went along.

Tyrone's mother, Sandra Johnson, was living on a new house across from gilly. She had moved there from the 527 East Browning extension, where she and Arlethea had met. When Sandra answered the door, Arlethea was relieved. "Girl, I can do nothing with him," Sandra said, occupied. "He just come home from jail." But Arlethea thought that the boys came from raised up girls. She had seen Tyrone's father, Tommy, taking them to school, picking them up. He cooked while Sandra worked. And they didn't let their children play with any kids.

Arlethea didn't bother to speak to Shirley, Armond's mother. During that family's growing years at the corner

store, she'd seen Shirley overheard when Shirley had yelled at her sons for sitting first on the courtyard at the first Browning building, they'd screamed back at her. "Fuck you, bitch?" The few times Arlethea had wanted to upbraid the boys on anything, she'd made sure she'd spoken to their father. Wide. "I always had a long arm with the kids," she said. "I was the mean lady, but I was a good lady."

On the night Eric fell, Arlethea was walking past the gathering crowd at gilly, on her way home. She saw ambulances and craters and kept right on her way. Personal wisdom dictated that in such a situation, you head the other way from trouble. "No buses is going to say, 'Dope! I didn't mean to get you,'" she says.

Armond, like Toni, was calling Lela from Wiler Children's Hospital. "Ma ma, Eric is hurt. I need you," she'd said. Lela and she'd be there in soon as she found a motorcycle couldn't work, a war disk.

When Lela arrived, Toni was hysterical, screaming, lifting her hands to the intense center's fluorescent lights. The doctor pronounced Eric dead on arrival at 5:45 p.m. of massive internal injuries, and Toni was heading toward a nurse. "Get my child's clothes," she told the nurses. "Get my child's clothes. Let's go home. It's late. We got to go home. Please get my baby's clothes."

Lela faced the awful task of identifying Eric's body. When her own son had been shot years before, at Toni's birthday party around the corner from gilly, she couldn't do it. But this time, she had to because the larger what her daughter was going through. Eric's face was bruised. A dried stream of blood ran out of his ear. A blue tube, like a snake, stuck straight up from his back mouth, for breathing. Lela quickly returned to Toni, who had slumped to the floor. "I wish I was dead," Toni was sobbing. "You going to kill myself and my family. What is a matter now that my baby's gone?" The press had arrived, so the nurses ushered the Morse out a back door. Toni disappeared.

Lela and the police didn't find her until fifteen minutes later. Blocks from the hospital, walking toward a car. They had a hard time keeping her in the car. That night, Toni lay in her mother's bed. "She didn't really sleep," Lela says, she was weeping with tears. "She cried, you know, and she was screaming. She would sit up, 'Oooooo, my baby, I love you, Eric!' It was so terrible."

Three counselors from the Department of Children and Family Services arrived at Lela's a midnight. The department already knew the Morse family. In fact, it had an open file on them. A DCF's source reported that Eric had been beaten with a hammer in his bloodstained shirt and an older sister had been removed from the home. That night,

Derrick had just returned from the postcard and had bathed and been naked into bed. The hospital had been required to report that Toni had consented to kill herself and possibly her children. It was the job of the DCFB to make sure that the city's children were all right.

For three nights, Toni did not sleep. Even now, she can hardly speak of Eric or his death. And sometimes, when she drinks, she makes a spectacle of her grief.

In the hectic weeks after Eric's death, the press misapprehended his name. Friends didn't realize who had died until they saw the Morse family on TV, leaving the Holy Angels Catholic Church funeral service.

Loss of people and organizations called, offering charity. They offered Derrick counseling, homebased riding, clothes for school. They paid the overdue balance on Lela's gas bill, restoring her heat. One organization offered to pay for Eric's burial. Another group said it would take care of the grave, all the way out in suburban Homewood, and spoke of flowers, a tribune, and how the grave would be kept up right.

When I go to visit the cemetery with Arlethea four months later, an employer dashes as so Eric's name place and quickly drives away. Eric lies near marked plots that are as yet unoccupied, the ground frozen too hard to open up. There's nothing on his grave—no plate, no name, no wooden cross. It's situated in an isolated, just a few feet away from where construction workers are drilling. The grave is sinking weirdly into the ground. Armond is only spread of dirt, the track of a tire tread.

The Morses are religious people. "You just don't know what happened to these children," Lela says of Armond and Tyrone. "They don't just grow up to be violent. There's two sides on every story." She pauses, a gracious, kindly woman who still feels like a blessing. "Vengeance is mine, says the Lord," she quotes quietly. "Whatever it is to be done is his."

**R**LACE IS AN IDENTITY. The courtyard where Eric fell sits in the shadow of the high rise where Armond's life began. His parents live in the building that stands just behind gilly. Wide lived on the main floor, Shirley on the eighth. The people were from Mississippi, born from Tennessee.

Armond was born seven periods, four c-sections, with his mother's help and after his father's stroke. He lived three. He lived from the street—gilly, mangled—and they would follow him home. He lived Tyrone's dog, General Green. Eric's aunt Arlethea used to go, Armond found to feed the dogs. He would lock them up in the basement or in abandoned apartments and try to get the dogs to learn. "It used to irritate them, and nobody would mess with them," says Shirley. Donna Merriely, his social worker at the school in the Audy Home, the detention center where Armond is now being held, says: "The kids staying down to be taught. He knows the different types of dogs." He named three Queens, Rodeo, Quincy, Cops, Spot. Queens's puppies were all brown and Wide flushed them down the toilet. Another dog died in a bathroom, and Armond placed it in the incinerator. Armond would

like to be a doghandler when he grows up.

Since Eric's death, what people remember about Armond are the bad things. In kindergarten, according to teachers at Doolittle, Armond brought crack in for show and sell. When the teacher phoned the principal's office, Armond swallowed it. They also remember that Armond once strangled someone with a dog chain.

His father, Wide, forty-five, got locked up for drug possession in 1993. He'd been working as a freelance plumber, he says, and "When I messed up," he'd been messing up for a while. Wide's job after appearing 1990 through 1993, with the seriousness of the charges decreasing over time, included five robberies, seven drug possessions, six disorderly conduct, three domestic batteries, two child, one gambling charge, and one delinquent child charge.

Armond's teachers liked his increasing troubles to his father's departure. Loss accumulates. Armond's fourteen-year-old brother, Junior, who'd cared for him like a parent, had to move to an aunt's house because he didn't get along with Shirley's new man, whom she had taken up with when Wide went to prison. Armond out of school and went downstate to handle. Each month added a new charge to his rap sheet. Henry's solicitor, April, gave possession. May aggravated battery, July theft over \$500. August battery and aggravated assault. He and Tyrone would shoplift at Jewel's and at Goldblatt's, another nearby store. Armond broke into the Doolittle school with Tyrone and Tyrone's younger brother, Casanova. Armond (this time, Armond formed a crew. According to over town worker, they would shake down younger kids).

Twice, Armond went to the prison with his grand mother to visit Wide. He didn't say much during the visits. He would get a package of popcorn from the vending machine and pop it in the visiting room microwave. Then he'd lounge in the chair, his scrawny legs dangling, with his father and son.

Now Armond is eleven years old and still small for his age. He was so tiny as a baby that his parents tucked him into a small dresser drawer with a pillow. Wide and Shirley had a banner that

**A**T THE HEART OF HILL Correctional Center, where Tyrone's father, Tommy, was recently transferred and is finishing his fourth and final year for aggravated assault and home invasion, family solent are tangible, at least in memory. In prison of a Tennessee family arrangement, in the very best case, and in the worst world, someone's weakness has figured out what fathers can and cannot do. "Unacceptable behavior incidents" will no longer be tolerated. "Mutual behavior is being respectful," the memo reads in pronouncement of "positive family interaction." It will not be permissible for heads to lay in lips. Legs must be in a normal sitting position [and] there will be no more sitting in the legs of each other. Kids under twelve are exempt. "Ma'am," a guard says to me at I went on the vinyl coach. My legs in normal sitting position. "Ma'am, your ID. There will be a lady up to shake you down in a second."

Seven percent of the families in Chicago public housing projects have two parents. In better times, Tammy and Sandra were one of those, and on top of that, they had



Friday night, suburbanites from left to right in line for a hot meal, a warm, clean, neighborly, and better. The family includes a mother, a father, and a brother. The family includes a mother, a father, and a brother. The family includes a mother, a father, and a brother.



the advantage of a car. Tommy had met Sandra when she was a student at Nolenok & College on Casanova's South Side. His friends thought he was dating a square, but the couple stayed together and had two sons and moved into an lds 8 Wells town house. Tommy landed a job at Goosey Concrete Systems, working up at 5:00 A.M. to be at work by 7:00. Sandra worked afternoons in a clothing store. When Tommy came home in the afternoon, he watched the kids and cooked.

Cassanova, their youngest son, was the one who gave them trouble. When Tommy would get up for work, he'd find Cassanova slumped on the chair downstairs. "He'd put my work boots on and fall back asleep," Tommy remembers. "I'm looking for the boots, and he'd sit over there by the TV asleep."

"Cassanova?" Tommy would say.  
"Aw, Daddy." Cassanova would say, springing up.  
"I'm gonna go watch."

"No, you ain't." Tommy would reply. "Go get in bed with your mama."

"No, I ain't. I'm going to watch."

Boy, you hear get up in this bed!" Every few weeks Tommy cashed his check on Wednesdays, he'd take his children to Foot Locker and let them have their pick. The Foot Locker sidewalk would bend down and say, "Whatcha gonna do this week, I boyfrend?" to Cassanova, who thought he was a ladies' man. Cassanova would stare delectably. "I want these," Tyrese would more modestly. He wouldn't run the sides. He took time to look. It made Tommy feel good, the way the customers would say to his sons, "Oh, how your daddy loves you."

"I would just sit there," Tommy says, "modifying the energy, and let the people know that I love my kids."

Tyrese's occasions of acting up usually involved his homework. He would do the first page of the assignment and dutifully bring it into the kitchen to show Tommy. Then he'd turn back to the TV chair, nap himself up, as if he were working, the pen positioned horizontally, and peek back from under his arm. "He would peek out," Tommy says, "trying to be slick. Okay, then he go quiet. He get the cover over his head, with the pen in his hand, but he was asleep. No, bawdy come on, I'd say. Sit at the table." Discipline might mean the belt, but when his sons thought they were due for a spanking, Tommy would remove it and make them do a lot of work. Sometimes he just wouldn't let them go to sleep. "Cassanova was the bad one, and Ty was the good one," says Tommy, careful in the unpredictable world of his boys.

Tommy says an analogy between raising his Dabaw miscreants/er, General Grant, and waxes up in raising his son. "I would keep General in the desert, around no one. As soon as he would get out, he was like a mad dog, just like saying you could get a person from what he really wants to get out there, once he gets out there, he's gonna go mad. That's what I did. So when Ty knew my daddy's looked up, whenever he went straight to bed company, 'cause I kept him away from that."

Right now, Tommy has the time to reflect on the mind-blowing nature of the universe. I call him a philosopher. He disagrees. "This is more sociological," he says. "Philosophy is too vague."

"Seen like the nightmare became a reality," Tommy

continues, now crying. "We came out of lockdown, I called I decided to hear the truth of the premonitions so I fell down inside, laid at the bottom of my stomach. Ty's name was on the phone, crying. But she didn't have to tell me nothing. I already knew. When you have a feeling like that—when your love is consolidated with somebody like mine is for Tyrese, a love so strong, so powerful, that no matter what whatever was the worst love, no matter whenever storms come through, we always stand at Me, here, and Cassanova. Look my brothers, look my buddies, is gone now, but I always say, 'Well, I wanna family' and Tyrese was born in 1985. He's here." He pauses, looking down.

"Let me rearrange something. A life has been lost, of course. Fine. Move. Who was he? Why did his life affect mine? And my son? To cause our families to be as interconnected. I think about that. I think about that baby all the time."

And other moments remind him. Sometimes, they ask Tommy in the hallway, "How's your story?" and "How's your story gonna do?"

"I say, it's all right, he'll be fine" when I'm supposed to say? So Tommy goes about his prison business, walking, reading, doing laundry five six-ups a day. A good day is when Tommy's counselor lets him get a phone call through to Tyrese's jail.

The last time they spoke, one of a blue sky Tyrese asked him, "Dada, you getting married?" Tyrese's wife Nac told the boy that, because Mac doesn't like Tyrese's room. Tommy told Tyrese, "No matter what, I'll always love you. No matter what happens. I have an obligation to you." The conversation made Tyrese feel better. Tommy knows, because Tyrese laughed.

Before their time was up, Tyrese asked Tommy to explain what obligation meant.

**A** WINTER PRISON in the projects, the night sky darkening. In the stairwells is the disappointment and the boredom combine with home and drugs; the day gets simpler.

Carrying a McDonald's bag, Tyrese, twenty-one—Shirley's oldest child, Wade's stepdaughter—refuses to return to his apartment by the stairs. "The kids be hugging for the food," she says, so we stop into the dinette, an even more unimpressive room. He's returning from a fairly interesting trip in search of his open pharmacy where he'd been for a few days. She attributes the bad camp to his having to a missing television tube.

Right now, she's snapping like clatter—rattling, rattling, rattling—into—and in the elevator door close, four large boys without sides slip in. Tyrese's glass eyes land on one boy's chest. She mumbles about the softness of her public hair, how another girl's sorry ass isn't good for him, then she's back to the subject of her fallow tube, all the while compulsively running her hair and rubbing with her fist a self-inflicted burn on her temple. It's a scary moment—her words, their desperation, their noise, needing challenge. It's as if she were saying, "Fuck me," and "Fuck you" at the same time. I keep my gaze down. The boys reject her all. Disgusted, they don't move when we reach her floor, and we appear past them.

Is he crazy? High? Tyrese sure has a heated head. She looks alone in connection—griping visitors with hollow eyes, cash transactions at her door, too many trips to the bathroom, bouts of desecrating sleep.

Armond's crime, she says, his boy the hardest of the family. She learned about it from a cop who, she says, told her, "We just arrested your brother for murder."

**Y**OUNG'S APARTMENT ordinarily gives little refuge. Now that Wade and Shirley have moved in, having him run out of their old apartment in the wake of Armond's crime, the tension has only gotten worse. While we're out, Emmanual, Tyrese's six-year-old son, Junior, Wade's first son and Armond's older brother, and a succession of neighbor boys are playing, and Wade, who's finished his first book of Wild Irish Koss, wants to play, too. The second book is open. A woman from an apartment downstairs arrives to complain about Junior bouncing basketball against her door. As she talks, she sits with a chair. Junior tells his dad, "Oh, she's a bitch." Wade responds, "You shouldn't do that," and punches Junior joyfully in the chest. The punch makes a thudding sound. Shirley is disgusted.

The chaos is increasing by moments. "Come over here, boy," Wade says to his grandson, Emmanual. "Come over here and give me a kiss." He grabs the boy and kisses him on the cheek, then bites into his lip, pulling it out with his teeth. Emmanual yelps from the pain. Wade releases him and pulls him onto his lap. Emmanual cries for just a moment, then dips away.

The boys love to tease Wade, and the teasing gets him going. They circle him while he sits at the kitchen table and try to snuff his hair, which is embroiled with an S. For Shirley Wade jumps up and waves the boys out the hallway but only Emmanual gets the sanctuary of the bath room. In the early soon in the apartment with a lock. "I'm gonna lock your ass when you get out," Wade says, staring at his chair.

The boys don't want the fun to stop. Junior and a neighbor girl come in a sedate chaos, pinching. "Owww, Owww, come out!" After some hesitation, Emmanual, leaving the glass of his allies, opens the door and peeks out. Wade rushes down the hall to the bathroom and loudly down to pound Emmanual in the arms and stomach. The boy wails, scrunched up between the toilet and the wall.

The neighbor boy dives on Wade's back—it's a pure game—and Wade flips him over his shoulder onto the bedroom with a wheek. The boy covers his head, shocked, while Junior laughs from the hallway. Now Wade runs his full attention to the neighbor. He punches him, then beats the boy's legs back until they touch his wrist. Junior stops laughing. Emmanual ceases again.

Violence, tonight, is a way of speaking. Each time what has started out as a homeplay slips into a manner brand of punishment. Each episode has its own monotonous rhythm and over the course of the evening, they escalate in their brutality. If it were music, it would be getting louder and louder. But here, it's oddly clear, except for the occasional punishment of a child's cry.

Round six in the living room, Wade's back to the

table and Emmanual is circling, but he's not playing this time, so it's an even more dangerous game. Wade can't resist it. He throws Emmanual to the floor, holds him down, and begins to choke his grandson. He squirms his torso, oblivious to the boy's crying. The timing now is silly. Wade's "Don't you know I'm taking pictures!" the photographer asks. Tyrese, he calls out. "Stop." The camera flashes. What is it in a world of his own? He squirms against Emmanual's throat until the boy's tongue pops out. Only when the photographer puts his hand on Wade's back does Wade finally stop.

On this particular night, in this stark apartment, chaos has revealed itself. What seems to be episodes of calm are intolerable glimpses from behind a screen. Shirley has been hearing up revolt out of a car and napping went out of a baby-food jar. She put the food on the table. Seconds after being choked, Emmanual grew up from the floor and sat down at the table and out—a car. Then he heads to the hallway closet and sits inside a bundle of clothes.

If violence is a conversation, its harsh motions another form of speech—what, four months earlier, the wind whipping into the open windows of their clubhouse, were Armond and Tyrese trying to say?

**W**ADE'S IN THE DOCKHOUSE. The chaos of last night is replaced with an angry stillness. It's four in the afternoon the following day, for the family, it's morning. Tyrese's asleep, Emmanual's asleep, and Junior sat quietly with a friend, playing a video game on the fancy TV screen. Shirley, in a house dress, her hair in rollers for tomorrow's visit to her son, sweeps the linoleum abruptly. She flings dirt and glass and wetter paper onto the mounting pile. Stagnantly, Wade dodges her, the tension. Now were today, and not much room for lip.

Through the mask of the rag—now she's bloodthirsty—tabletop, dishes, counter. An old dinner—her cleaning item brooding, the children playing low.

Wade twirls the disarming of his prison-wear sweatpants in his head down. He wanders over to Junior, while leaning back on his hands. Wade steps on Junior's fingers, as casually as an alibi. Without looking back, Junior pulls his hand away.

**S**OMEWHERE, I sense what Dabaw thought. Wade sits craning from the window, and as I sign in downtown, Shirley's there to meet me. A speedy little girl in the hallway asks, "Can I have a doughnut? Can I have a doughnut? Can I have a doughnut? Can I have a doughnut?"

Upstairs, Emmanual is shivering, a new wave wrack. He approaches the daughter, his, touching it quickly as if it were on fire. Shirley says, "Don't open it." Wade says, "Leave that boy alone, boy!" Emmanual starts to reply, but his protective instincts settle all but an insatiable sound. He gets up and stamps down the hall muttering on a part of plastic roller discs. "Take those off, boy!" Wade yells. Emmanual does it and then he does. I open the box. He asks me, "Can I have a doughnut?"

Family portraits in a  
video museum. Rade  
and Shady gaze for  
the camera while  
Emmanuel takes  
a nap inside. Photo



"Can he have a doughnut?" I ask Shirley. She gives him an exasperated look. When he gets a doughnut in one hand, he comes for coffee; when we're sharing—and with enough hopping about he gets a little in a baby food jar. He takes a spoonful, then licks out the last of the doughnut as he sprawls on the floor. Powdered sugar and cream cover his face, and Junior says, "It looks like you know what?" As his age, Junior is mostly harmless.

"Stop that," says Shirley. "Don't be talking like that!" When Emmanuel comes his unfinished doughnut in to the bathroom washbasin instead of the one in the kitchen, Wide rubs him holding him by the neck, and soaks him in the belly. Shirley commands Emmanuel to the bedroom. She dresses him with the help of Wide's sister, who is visiting. They plant Emmanuel on the bed, then turn taking his feet—washing the little toes with a washcloth—Shirley putting on his pants, pulling up the padded socks. He escapes to flex his biceps at those of us who are looking, then slips back into the bedroom between his grandmothers and his aunt. Emmanuel explains it's a standard of better love.

Shirley gruffly sweeps him in his coat and dispatches him down to the second floor, where Yvonne spent the night. Shirley tells him to go straight to his mother and she tells him twice.

**A**BOUT AN HOUR LATER, Shirley and I head out to the store for snacks for Armond to eat—Hot Flumes, an orange-on-cream chocolate chip cookies two packs for a dollar. We cross the street, Wide following our progress from the window. Shirley calls the photographer a "sissy butt." She complains to me that he got their pictures of Wide being taken by boys, though she concedes that this angle was not much different from most others. I ask her how the kids when he beats the kids. "I try to show him down," she says, "so he don't start leaving me." Usually she blames what she calls "that wincing" on the wine. Yet even Wide's nose could suffer Shirley's voice past telling Emmanuel he's going to get it inside the child sleeping. When we get back to the apartment, Shirley makes a point of telling me that their gang to get around. There's a lot of compassion in the bathroom. Wide's water comes into the kitchen, leaving Wide looks around and sits by the oven, his back to us.

We head the mile to the Andy House, past abandoned factories, past the Sports Club, past abandoned bars. As we arrive, Shirley walks alone, ten feet behind Wide. We are processed quickly, today there's not much of a line.

After we're cleared for the fifth floor, we walk toward Armond, past the area windows. Criminal kids are housed according to aggressiveness, size and age. Armond is one of the house's sickest boys. In one cell a man-boy scratches out the full length of his bed, which he's dragged right up to the glass door. He watches the boys with visitors, sucking his thumb. At that cell we sign in. I pause at the word relationship and register as Armond's out-of-town aunt.

As Armond picks up an extra chair for the assigned table, I survey the room. At the far end by the TV the crusted boys sleep on a couch. Almost all have their hands inside their shirts, a few have hands down their pants. In

the main section with the tables, there is a Hopman, kid his hair cropped close with a net and his mother's pink lips perfectly upturned on his forehead, playing cards. Armond has on an enormous T-shirt and buggy neon neon pants and up by a string. They can't wear hats, he says, "so we don't arrange nobody." He beats his knee a lot at the beginning of the visit and frequently shrugs. Shirley fixes her eyes on him, her chin at her hand, a big smile half covered by her palm. It is a mother's smile. She is pleased to see her son. Wide, though he is descending into depression, also seems lifted by the sight of him.

Armond poses the standard line question to his parents—what did they bring? He pulls snacks from the paper bag neatly popping the small packages of Hot Flumes, then opening it. "That boy over there is for sucking his nose," he says after a long pause.

"Which boy?" asks Wide. "See that boy against the wall?" Armond says. "That boy?" Wide asks. "No," says Armond, "that white boy against the wall." Wide regards Armond with wary amusement. "I said that boy, and he say 'That white boy.' Don't be know what a boy is?"

"She was two," says Armond. Wide asks, "For real?" Armond flags the guard to unlock his room so he can show his parents his certificates from a program called BUILD at the school downtown. The school social worker says some of his fellow students call him a "baby killer." Armond chronicles the changes of some of the other boys—attempted murder, which he calls "attempts," and manslaughter. "But you are in for attempt, see you, Armond? You in for murder," says Wide, with what sounds like pride.

Armond opens the envelope and shows the certificates on the table. One is for Student of the Week. Shirley and Wide glance at them but don't say a thing. Shirley mutters something about Emmanuel.

"Where he at?" asks Armond. "I dunno. Home playing. I guess," says Shirley. "When you say Emmanuel if you don't know where he at?" Armond says. His face cracks her, as if she's sniped. "You said Emmanuel was somewhere, now you say if he plays." It is a reproach. Armond seems to despise her for her feebleness and her resignation.

"He's still in kindergarten," Wide says of Emmanuel. "He finished, he got all F's." Wide is at his barely coherent contempt for Yvonne, taken out of her kid by her.

He compares with his grandmothers for attention.

"What's your name, Junior?" Wide asks Armond, teasing.

"Armond," Armond says. "Only my friends call me Junior."

The social worker told me Armond didn't know his birthday. I ask him about it.

"November 1, 1985," he tries.

"November 1," says Wide.

Armond says sweetly, "1985."

Then we speak of violence. It's the only name Armond

uses up and shows attention. He begins to narrate a gas scene from a movie. This runs out of Wide (in voice): "What a gauge?" and Armond parenthetically holding a gun, and then the guy skied a potato (Armond holds



the imagined knife and dish), and then they made the gun right through it. Wide, "Like a silver?" and Armond says, "Not a silver?" Armond reacts to the shot—throws his hands up—then bends over to dodge it from his chest. His eyes light—their posture out of him. Two people end up dead.

"Where'd you see that?" Wide asks. "They show a picture like that in here?"

"BUILD," says Armond, naming the program that gave him the certificates.

"They put you in prison and show you motherfucking pictures like that?" says Wide, incredulous. "That is some fucked up that." Shirley agrees that it's crazy and as soon as her reaction is noticed, she stops the expression away with her hand.

Shirley's line of repetition is silence. When she speaks at all, it is usually to tell Emmanuel or Junior or Wide to shut up. During the visit, the only full sentence she says is this: "The guard over there looks like he's playing chess, but he's really watching everything then boys do."

Armond tells his parents about a real life fight, how these boys were looking it to some guy. He was in his room, and he didn't know what was going on and he heard the chaps flying. He laughs. Shirley and Wide do, too. Wide and Armond turn to the television screen. "They should put the TV in here," Wide says.

All this time, the boy at the table nearest us has been enduring a lecture from his mother. The embarrassment is to come and see you," she is saying. "I am trying to teach

out and teach you, but you don't want to be taught. I can go down on that street and do what ever I want to do, and you stay here." The boy flips through the Polaroids she brought and looks at the table.

Armond watches the boy and giggles. Armond looks Wide, covers all the movements of street life—he winks, whistles through his teeth, cracks his lips, shakes his head knowingly. He is two months into eleven.

I ask him if he misses home. He shrugs. I ask him if he missed his dad in prison, and he says yes, only.

"You did miss you," I say.

"You missed me in prison," Wide adds. "Now I'm missing you in prison."

Armond resumes to list lists of movies. This one is the film the Andy House shows to new arrivals. "They is birds and they singing at the beginning, and they show a guy who is in for life, and he beat his hands. You was behind him," Armond says.

"I was behind him," Wide says softly.

"I wish we had been," Armond says.

"You may as well. You can't go nowhere for this."

Armond looks up at the clock on the wall, which he calls a watch. Wide asks him how long he's been locked up, and Armond says I remember. "I know," says Wide. When I was in prison, you start to forget what time it is. When we leave, Armond will have dinner. If it's fish

**"Oh, I am here!"**  
Wide and Armond  
there. Both are  
in different ways,  
perhaps painful  
reminders of the  
October day that they  
were lifted.

or swim, he says, some of the *Audis* boys will eat it. I ask why, and he smirks. Then he says "BDS." He means the Black Disciples, a gang. I ask Armond if he is one. He says no.

"When I was in prison, you won't supposed to eat pork and I said, I like pork. I'm gonna eat it," says Wide.

Wide never ran with a gang, and it's a subject that makes him defensive. He once announced to me, "I am a gang of myself." Another time he told me, "I ain't in a gang, but I am somebody."

Armond is allowed to make a phone call tomorrow. He's had phone privileges before, and Wide would like his son to call him.

Armond recites the number accurately.

"You know the number? You said you can call from the school. Why don't you call?" Wide ventures.

Armond shrugs.

"But you gonna do what you gonna do," Wide says, giving up.

The awkwardness increases as the visiting-hour shrinks. Wide handles a by screwing his nose.

"You want to leave with me?" Wide asks, leaning close to Armond's face.

"I can't," Armond says.

"You want to leave with me?" the father says again.

Armond says, "I can't."

"What you want you can't?" Wide roars.

"I can't," says Armond, his eyes lowered. "You ain't supposed to leave."

"How come you don't come just walking out of here with me?"

Shirley grabs a handful of Armond's hair to get close enough to say goodbye. "Your grandmother gonna get you a pig," she says, and then she gives him a kiss.

Wide moves away from Armond slowly, walking backward, being careful not to hang onto the empty chairs.

"Goodbye, Armond," Wide says solemnly. As they leave, Shirley and Wide walk slowly down the hall, holding hands.



**Of Armond and Tyrone (shown here in a courtroom sketch), Lela says: "Those children don't just grow up to be violent. There's two sides to every story."**

overfront, back by the lions guarding the Art Institute, by the library. We drive westward, eastward—and listen to the music. Wide crooning softly to songs of love.

"You remember this?" Wide asks. "Shirley, you remember this? Do you?"

Armond.

"The old building? You remember Shirley?"

"Armond."

"Do you remember, Shirley? Do you remember?"

"Stabbed Mercy Hospital," Shirley says.

These are the flyby moments of a poor couple's shared life.

We pass the building where they got their marriage blood red twenty-one years ago, for twenty dollars, and locked up Times Cafe, where they danced the "scotch."

The scotch, Shirley, says Wide with delight. "Oh, Shirley, you remember dancing the scotch?"

We pass a hamburger grill where, in 1970, Wide bought himself a meal. He bought pancakes and sausage and bacon—he remembers exactly, he'd just gotten his psychology degree—and he couldn't eat it all, there was so much. It was not long after that that Wide lost his job at a beauty shop. He then filled his days scavenging scraps of food to sell.

"I wish I could find my sister," says Shirley all of a sudden. Of this youngest sister Shirley is proud. She married her up front when she was a baby and her sister has no kids or men, and she reads books.

"She not smart, she ain't got no kids," Shirley says several times. "She waste me a letter, it was like a whole book. You shoulda seen it—how much she waste. She waste about how the wanted me to go my life together and all, how to be ready for you when you come out," she says,

staring him to a residential placement home, which Shirley calls a "replacement." She doesn't understand what that is, nor does she have enough of a protective shell to experience Armond's predicament as much more than an offense to her, her own failure.

We drive, heading north up Western Avenue, then back, then we turn down toward the Loop. The city's brightness feels like some kind of faint.

Chicago is something to behold. "Look at that," says Wide as we drive into the skyline. "With that sight, you can generate some feelings—and some people don't have no feelings at all. How lovely! I learned in prison to appreciate things when you are in there, you can't do nothing about," Shirley sighs.

Wide knows all the buildings—the *Prudential*, the *Tribune*, the *Sun-Times*, a hotel where he worked as a bell boy. We head down Michigan Avenue, past the furs, the furmats, the stores. "It's not pretty," Shirley whines.

We pass by jazz clubs—they've never been so cool, but Wide knows where they are—go down by the

energy-shooting crash hours

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**W**HEN I'M IN THE BACK of my rental car with a bundle of wild fruit, Armond and Shirley, with some in a *Sears* shopping bag, are in the front with me driving. When I ask them if they want to get a drink or something to eat, they agree so but don't feel comfortable going inside anywhere. "People be so nosy," Shirley says, "they all see your business. Everybody look at me like I'm crazy." It educates Shirley the morning what she imagines thus crying.

The court hearings and the public defender make her head hurt, at the last hearing, they found Armond guilty of face charges because of his IQ of 53. They talk about as-





It's nice, no photo, no sweater crew, no name. A little more, a little less, even if it's the same sweater in a different shape.

turning back to Wade, "how me and you was gonna put our life together the way it was."

"Our life hasn't been great, but there's been times it was good," says Wade. "We can have a fuck just like that."

"We're going to have it back real soon. You'll see, we'll go back to the way it was." In the time I've known her this is the only hopeful thing Shirley has said.

"That's all I want," says Wade, his voice gritty with alcohol, emotion. "Our life with me and you and our kids and a place to live or our own."

The moment peaks and then there is a silence. We pass by the Audy Home on our way back to Yonane. We thought we had escaped it, but the sight takes us back to earlier that evening when Armond had asked his parents to look up and smile to him as we left the detention center grounds. He told them his window was by a blue sign—we

suspect its intent: the blue background of a snow-emergency route sign.

We pulled up under the sign in the car and attempted to spot Armond. There were so many tiny heads pressed up against the large modern windows, cars and arms framed by a dull yellowish light. Some boys, standing on their beds, banged on the glass, others gestured wildly but to us their attempts at communication were silent, inscrutable.

Wide sat in the backseat of the car, looking up as Shirley scratched up to look from the passenger side of the front seat. I suggested to Wade that he get out, since Armond expected them to be on foot, as they usually walk the mile from the projects to the Audy Home.

"Naw, I can't see him," Wade said, more in defeat than indifference.

"I can't tell which one is him."

Shirley told Wade to get out of the car. As he looped along the sidewalk Shirley said, "Thank him."

"That ain't him," said Wade, climbing back in.

"Go on back out," she told Wade.

"That ain't him," he said.

"That him?" Shirley asked no one, referring to a small boy leaning his head against the glass.

"Naw, that ain't him," Wade wheezed, the wheezing becoming a cough.

"Will, I don't know," Shirley said, beaten.

"They all look alike," offered Wade.

"Up them," said Shirley, her eyes on the road. "They all look alike when they in there."

**W**

REACH TOWN'S neighborhood from the street the projects look windowed. The towers appear substantial, but the way the broken shades and shreds hang and droop from the poorly installed window strips

given the buildings a moment's dull, dense feel. The fences here is falling.

Shirley doesn't look forward to going up, especially not after a relaxing drive. "It's like she's her mind," Wade says of Shirley. "If she's anybody's mind, she should be sure, but that ain't the way it is." Shirley shops for Yonane she cleans, she cooks, she lay it in. Sometimes Yonane gets out to the store and doesn't come back all right. When she returns, sometimes Shirley does to ask her, "Ain't you bring no cigarettes? Some change?"

"You is the grandmother," Yonane snaps. "You don't get none of that."

The car siles. Wade drinks out and Shirley sits with me a moment. She says, "Just because I don't talk don't mean I don't worry about my son."

She opens the door to the cold, bracing herself for the entrance. "Everybody call me like I'm crazy, but I did the best that I could." She moves into the building, her chin level, Wade walking with his eyes to the ground, a few steps ahead. ■



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THE "CRISIS OF MASCULINITY" was just the beginning. Now, the men who have decided they're actually women are on the march. Welcome to the transgender revolution. BY JOHN TAYLOR

# The Third Sex

**T**HE SMALL TOWN OF HART, 800 deep in the Michigan woods some twenty miles north of Grand Rapids, is a quiet, thoroughly unremarkable place for most of the year. But every August, Hart plays host to one of the wildest variants of contemporary American paganism: the Michigan Wiccan's Music Festival. The event, which lasts two hours, bears striking resemblances to the ecstatic rites performed by the ancient Thracian cult of Dionysus. In these rites, which at once fascinated and terrified the Greeks when the cult spread into the Aeneas Peninsula, groups of women remounted into the mountains at night to celebrate fertility—the swampy, rocking, blood-throated mysteriousness of it all—the working themselves into a frenzy of sexual derangement.

Each August for the past nineteen years, some eight thousand lesbians, feminists, and other women arrive from across the country for five days on "the land," as they refer to the festival site just outside Hart. Between listening to feminist rock 'n' roll and attending consciousness-raising workshops, they wander, often naked (or topless, through the hardwood forest, whose numerous ferns enhance a

sense of the primordial. They drink Gallo wine, eat (heterosexual) masculine dinner ecstatically dove from the stage in so much pots formed by the upraised, writhing arms of the spectators, and copulate with libidinous abandon.

Women returning home from the festival describe the wonder of seeing thousands of bare breasts in all their blue veined, nipple-dancing glory; of the dazzling profusion of pubic bushes—the lush, the scraggly, the sculpted-on bushes, display. Such talk, and the festival's orgasmic sex have, of course, a political component. The lesbian feminists, in the view of many attending the festival, seek to create a social system devoid of males, one in which women supply all the comfort, intimacy, and sexual satisfaction they need.

Nancy Joan Burkholder, a tall, dark-haired electrical engineer from New Hampshire, attended the festival for the first time in 1990. Deeply stirred by the sense of community it provided, she stayed the entire five days and returned in 1991. She was among a group of "femmes" talking late one night by a bonfire during that year's festival. Most of them had on tank tops and shorts. The women who were, to use their term, "cheer-free" had not applied insect repellent and slugged at the whining Michigan mosquitoes. As the sparks from the fire skinned up into the air



The scariest man alive? "If we met and I didn't tell you," says Johns Strike, "you wouldn't know." (See page 111.)

and disappeared, they all moaned about things like a world where female orgasm is powerful it could send the coffee humming off its coast. Then something Burkholder said or didn't say was never quite sure what it was—caused a stir of apprehension among the others.

"Are you a woman?" one of them asked.

Burkholder replied that she was and, by way of proof, produced her driver's license.

Unsettled that the others in the group studied her suspiciously Things had suddenly become tense.

"If you're so concerned about my identity, I'll drop my drawers," Burkholder said.

She was told that wouldn't be necessary.



**Out in Boston:**  
Phyllis Frye  
(center) among friends.

Does a man dressed as a woman go to a women's group to discuss and say, "Hi, I'm transgendered?"

"Why not?" Burkholder asked. "You see them here all day long."

Suddenly a confusion in the mind of one of the women, resolved itself, and she asked, "Are you a transsexual?"

Burkholder acknowledged that she was. Though she may have neglected to mention this fact, she had

not tried to hide it. She considered herself as lesbian, or as a transsexual, or as a woman in any of the biological or genetic women, the so-called natural women now surrounding her.

But that was not how they regarded her. In one of the Greek myths about the Theban king, Oedipus, king of Thebes, depicts himself as a woman in order to preserve the rites of the female cultists. Burkholder was considered, as

Burkholder is when he is discovered an infidelator—is it, the woman in the powder room, the male transsexual dressed with the biological secrets of women. Transsexuals, in the view of many feminists, are nothing more than "surgically castrated males" who speakably rape women by appearing as the female form. "Transsexuals are not women," Joyce Raymond, a professor of women's studies at the University of Massachusetts, has written. "They are down male."

Burkholder considered herself not just a woman but a feminist; indeed, a lesbian feminist. While still a man, she had been married to a woman. During the therapy that preceded her operation, one psychologist encouraged her to prepare for becoming a woman by fantasizing about male lovers. "I tried to imagine myself with a man, but my heart wasn't in it," she told me last winter. Two years after surgery, she read a book about lesbianism. "I realized that was me." So far, she conceded, she has got to actually have a lesbian relationship. But that doesn't make me any less of a lesbian.

In the story of Burkholder, which Burkholder made the subject of his late-published memoir, *The Butcher*, she possessed female customs who discover the long hidden in their minds, now her long term. The women in the Michigan feminist did not, said Nancy Jean Burkholder, but their feelings of betrayal, rage, and violence did border on the murderous. The feminist, as its organizers proclaimed, was for "women born women."

Burkholder is not alone: the female security guards told Burkholder. They declared her interrogated her, and then, with one going her the chance to collect her belongings, expelled her from the land. As one in the morning, the strange and troubling creature who had had the pill to be here she was no different from those other women found herself alone on a dark road.

THE ENTHUSIASM of Nancy Jean Burkholder struck me, when I first heard about it, as one of the most fascinating moments in American social politics. Among its more obvious truths were that while feminism was founded on the notion that "biology is not destiny" many feminists will insist, at

least when it comes to transsexuals, that biology is destiny, a man can never truly become a woman. But that contradicts another central goal of feminism: that gender is socially constructed. So, if a man who becomes a woman is still considered by women to be a man, just what is that person's gender? Who goes to decide, and why? But such questions can be answered only by first asking, just what is gender?

Gender studies are without a doubt the most vigorous field of intellectual inquiry today. Using Lacan and Freud, Derrida, de Beauvoir, and de Man—every dog in the postmodernist have set out to deconstruct such core topics as the structure of heterosexuality, the construction of the heterosexual, the experience of the polyphonic sex, and the compulsory structures of desire.

All of these issues converge in the phenomenon of

## "GAYS ARE AFRAID of us," says a transgender activist, "because we reinforce the stereotype of a bunch of queer sissies in dresses and makeup."

transsexuality. And for that reason, transsexuals provide the ideal opportunity to study the shifting gender boundaries in American society. If there is indeed a "crisis of masculinity" to use the obligatory phrase of the gender theorists, it could be much more productively explored, it seemed to me, by spending time with men who had rejected traditional gender roles than by being a co-conspirator with a bunch of lion jokes on a mythological sweet lodge.

After all, in a transsexual a woman who has freely been able to acquire a body that conforms to her true self? Or is a transsexual a man whose society has punished for wanting to be a woman by contriving him? Is the desire by a man to become a woman a natural? Or a perversion? An existential choice? A brave rejection of oppressive gender categories?

As such questions suggest, in the gender debate the transsexual body has become the ultimate "text." Various feminist—psychologists, feminists, surgeons, androgynists, religious conservatives, cultural critics, and of course transsexuals themselves—compete for the right to "inscribe" it, or assign it, its meaning. That competition is essentially political: the struggle to define the transsexual—to "mark" or "unmark" the body as the currently fashionable academic jargon would have it—is a struggle for power.

Which is why Nancy Jean Burkholder's expulsion has formed part of her tribe's origin myth. It signaled the beginning of the "transgender movement." The movement, such as it is, consists of a small but growing collection of open transsexuals. Just as the gay movement is now split between assimilationists and radical activists like those in Queer Nation, the "trans movement" as it is also known, is divided between the few who acknowledge their status and a silent majority among the activists seemingly refer to as "wood-women" or "washed transsexuals," because their goal is to pass successfully in their assumed identity.

The activists' groups—the theoretically spelled Transsexual Menace to one—have a specific agenda. They are pushing for the elimination of the confining "gender dysphoria" from the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, just as homosexuality was removed in 1973. They also want to see the end of anti-gay legislation. There is even talk of a march on Washington in 1995.

They have already enjoyed a few small successes. In Minnesota, a transsexual, World War II veteran lobbied the state legislature to include the expression of "gender difference" as a protected civil right. And the past December the San Francisco Board of Supervisors passed a sweeping ordinance outlawing gender discrimination in schools, housing, public accommodations, and the workplace.

Nonetheless, most Americans view the transgendered with disgust or, at best, amusement. Even many gays are wary of them. The transgendered compare their struggle to the gay rights movement of the seventies just as gays drew the analogy between themselves and the black civil rights activists of the sixties. Many blacks rejected that compar-

ison to the outrage of gays, but now some gay leaders make comparisons between their cause and that of the transgendered. This irony is not lost on the transgendered. "They're afraid we have their chances of mainstream acceptance because we reinforce the stereotype of gays as a bunch of queer sissies in dresses and makeup," says Phyllis Randolph Frye, a lawyer and transgendered activist in Boston.

The narrative of a minority group's pursuit of acceptance in American society is struggle to define itself on its own terms, in a familiar one. What makes the transgendered particularly fascinating is the almost mythological proportions of their struggles. Frye recounts throughout history they have been abused, with cross-dressing the bylines to the center of the hermaphrodite to the dolphin-headed figure known in Hindu as Ganesh—who embodied biological impossibility. It was their very femininity that conveyed their magical, quadrature status. Frye said the German word *androgynisch*, or *androgynous*, to describe the pansexual religious sensibilities that the origins of existence provide. To come face-to-face with a transsexual is to encounter the unknown. They are our Sphinxes, the middle of our cultural consciousness brought to life.

**L**ET'S START AT THE ROOTS of our hang-ups," Melissa Lynn said, "Deconstructing us." Men who don't wear clothing are an obvious absence, with cross-dressing is seen as a shiny November morning. We were sitting in the offices of the International Foundation for Gender Education, an advocacy group that operates out of a converted brick building overlooking the Charles River in Wellesley, Massachusetts. Melissa, the group's director, is a fifty-year-old transsexual who has been living as a woman for seventeen years and as one of the closet activists for ten.

The cross-dressing proscription in Deconstructing Melissa went on, could be traced to early myths between the lineages, who worshipped the masculine, the female, and the neighboring tyrants who worshipped the goddesses. The goddesses, who worshipped the goddesses, in their ceremonies in other words she said, the above concerned religious vestments, not personal clothing.

Melissa then filed me in on a few basic facts. The transgendered have appeared in all cultures. The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, which defines gender dysphoria as a "persistent discomfort" about one's assigned gender, estimates that the condition affects one in thirty thousand people. Other studies have estimated that one in ten thousand people have an interest in breaking out of their gender roles if only from time to time.

As the sun spilled on the Charles River outside her window, Melissa Lynn pulled her black cardigan together over her ample, estrogen-induced breasts. The transgendered community she explained, could be broken down in

to these major categories. There are transvestites, or cross-dressers, people who periodically dress up in the clothes of the opposite sex, usually for erotic reasons but sometimes just for the heck of it. Then there are the transgendered people who live full-time in the role of the opposing gender without having surgery. Finally, there are transsexuals, who can be further divided into "top ops" and "bottom ops" depending on whether they have yet had gender-altering surgery.

Most transvestites are males, though this may simply reflect the fact that in society today, women's strict no-stomach, much less scandal, when they dance and act like men. Masculinity is considered the norm, Minerva pointed out with a sigh. "Women are applauded for taking on traditional male roles, for crossing boundaries to attend the Citadel or compete in the America's Cup. But men who aspire to the feminine are seen as perverted and repulsive."

Minerva is pale and hairless. She wears her short blond hair in curls and has on lipstick, eyeliner, and a flowery scarf. Berenice does not raise the voices of men who take it, but many transsexuals use themselves to speak in the upper register, and when I first got to her office, Minerva had talked in a high, piping tone. As she relaxed, her voice grew progressively lower until she sounded much like a man.

While she talked on—having famous cross-dressers such as Saint Jerome, the French diplomat Chevalier d'Éon, and Lord Cornbury, one of the first colonial governors of New York—a strange sort of perceptual dislocation overtook me. At one moment, Minerva would appear to me to be a large woman, at the next a finely ridiculous man dressed up as a woman, then a woman again. I was, I realized, experiencing the category crisis that gender theorists consider so critical, so revelatory, and so subjective.

The phrase "category crisis" was coined by Harvard Shakespeare scholar Marjorie Garber. In her book *Vested Interest*, she writes that transvestites create a "category crisis," or "failure of definition." The crisis, according to Garber, exposes the illusion of gender: It reveals that gender is not inherent in a person but rather created in the way he or she is perceived.

In other words, gender is a performance that must be continuously repeated. And that means that masculinity and femininity are not just roles or poses or even the idealized ends of a spectrum of behavior but, as Jacques Lacan puts it, "masquerades," ritualistic strategies of deception. Psychology, in this view, is irrelevant to gender. What matters is the cultural significance assigned to psychology: the fetish worship that sacralizes the penis—masculine male appendage—into the Phallus. Indeed, gender theorists declare that the anatomical differences between men and women, so obvious and undeniable to the unexamined, are nothing more than slightly varied configurations of the same nerve tissue.

But if gender is a masquerade, why do the so-called "gender studies" as transsexuals such as the performer Kate Bornstein like to call themselves want to join the closet, even in rules of their own choosing? Transsexuals complain about the stereotype of themselves as drag queens in fashion stockings, but instead of trying to be window "gender-free," many of them do sleep menstruant that are a caricature of femininity—one reason they so enjoy femininity. They refer to themselves as "big girls." They dance, they flourish, they chatter and drink. After talking to me for a while, Minerva crossed herself, saying, "I have to go potty party."

Blue-suited Top row: Waltham Longphorville, the eighteenth-century Chevalier d'Éon; the Duke of Richmond, (right) Prince of Wales. Middle: Pioneer Christiana Jorgensen; bottom: June 1948; Lord Cornbury, colonial governor of New York. Bottom: Joyce Davidson in *The Gypsy Queen*; the *A Glass of India*; Waltham actress Candy Darling; actress Biki Anne Wilchins.

**O**NE THING for the prevalence of such behavior is that, in Western culture, men who aren't considered "real men" try to become women because they have no other option. Many other cultures have created categories for people who feel that the gender they have been born to is incorrect. Nearly 900 North American Indian tribes had rules for the berdache, a Spanish explorer such as Francisco Coronado called the cross-dressers they encountered in the New World. Square Jaws, a Crow berdache, adopted male dress to join war parties—the fought against U.S. troops in the Battle of the Rosebud—but would then revert to female attire.

Berdache groups exist today in many societies. In India, the hijra, or married men, some of whom have been born hermaphrodites, others of whom have their genitalia removed (and then bury the organs under a sacred tree), dress as women perform rituals for women in childbirth and occasionally act as prostitutes. Similarly, the *navho* of Orissa are a socially acceptable group of biological males who wear feminine saris, perform housework, and also serve as prostitutes. In the Philippines, boys who cross dress are accepted as hijra as long as their parents identify them as such before puberty.

In Europe, by contrast, cross-dressing was long considered a criminal offense. When Joan of Arc, the most famous cross-dresser in history, was sentenced to life in prison in 1412 by the judges of the Inquisition for leading the uprising against the English, she also agreed to wear only women's clothes. Days later, she began again to dress like a man. Declaring that "time and again you have relapsed, as a dog that returns to its vomit," the judges ordered her burned at the stake.

While penalties lessened, laws against cross-dressing remained on the books in places like Hawaii until she often. Violence against the transgendered occurs regularly. And Biki Anne Wilchins, the founder of Transsexual Menace, told me that at one recent gathering, all of the twelve transgendered people present said they had been physically abused as children. Nina, the comedian, had been sexually abused, six had been raped, three had been stabbed, two had been shot, one had been burned, and one had been horsewhipped.

After our discussion, Minerva took me upstairs to meet Twisse Coad Riley, another member of the foundation's staff. Twisse, a tall and graceful individual with straight sandy hair and a long nose, was wearing a blouse and skirts in coordinated purple tones. She explained that she was transgendered. She lived full time as a woman and took hormone pills to soften her skin and create breasts but she had not had sex reassignment surgery.

Above Twisse's desk was a photograph of a young man in a jacket and tie, with short black hair and dark, penetrating



# THIS WAS REMARKABLE: a man who lived as a woman marrying a woman who lived as a man. The lives of transsexuals are never uninteresting.

eyes. I scanned the picture wall of Yvonne's bedroom or possibly of one of the two children she had had when living as a man and working for the police force in a small Indiana town.

"Oh, no that's Dan, my spouse," Yvonne said.

"Dan is female-to-male transgendered," Melissa explained. "They're married."

This was truly remarkable: a man who lived as a woman marrying a woman who lived as a man—what perfect tabloid fodder, just the sort of thing to make people shake their heads at this wacky world we live in. But it was the very improbability of Dan and Yvonne's relationship as direct, unresolvable evidence in debate that first brought home for me just how appropriate their struggles for self-acceptance and companionship must have been.

It also made me realize that, however you feel about transsexuals, their lives are never uninteresting. Like the third-century gnostics, they are their bodies as prisons from which the soul must escape. As such, the narratives of their lives represent a form of quest literature; they have the quality of fable. They're Odyssean voyages, winning tales of mythic transformation, replete with nightmare horrors and magical rite of passage. For epic transsexuals, I was to learn, often refer to their spouses as shamans and, the night before the operation, perform a shamanic farewell ritual.

For lunch, Yvonne, Melissa, and I drove to a nearby Italian restaurant. With her a rough weathered Irish look, but more of the businesswoman during the afternoon, given as a second glance. The waitress, too, was unfazed, though she may simply illustrate the favored transgender line that no matter how strange a cross-dresser looks, a generic woman can always be found who looks even stranger.

Both women had hairy armpits; Melissa ordered the shrimp sausage, Yvonne a chicken corder. I began to ask about the various explanations for transsexuals but, I was surprised to learn, neither Yvonne nor Melissa was much interested in discussing them.

"I don't know why I'm this way, and I don't really want to know," Melissa said.

"Why not?"

"What difference does it make?" Melissa went on. "To me, it's a spiritual thing. It's not interested in chemical, psychological, or social explanations."

Yvonne seemed somewhat puzzled by what she took to be my implication that the transgendered, more than anyone else, could or should be able to explain themselves. She also seemed to think that my interest in the subject might not be entirely journalistic, that perhaps I harbored some unacknowledged gender confusion myself.

"So, John, who are you?" she asked.

"Who am I? That's a broad question."

"Who are you, John?"

"Well, I could answer that in a number of ways."

"John, who are you?"

**R**ESISTANCE AMONG transsexuals to interpretation of transsexuality is wide spread. "To explain myself angers me," Rita Aron Wilkins told me recently. She was sitting on a mattress in her small, sparsely furnished apartment in Greenwich Village. A postoperative transsexual, Rita is delicately featured and keeps her hair short. Her T-shirt said, TRANSSEXUAL. A small peace sign dangled from one ear. Like many of the transsexuals I met, she was intelligent, kind, well-read, and self-aware.

"I don't mind descriptive categories, but the categories inevitably become paradoxical," she told me. "They become cultural law. They're categories created to oppress us. It's a way for you to say we are not like you, we are the other. We're marked, excluded, and studied. We've become a model for anthropologists. But what's interesting is not us but the system that makes us seem freakish. There's no point in studying the ghetto without studying the conditions that led to the creation and maintenance of the ghetto."

Such skepticism is understandable, particularly in light of the many biases theories that have been proposed about the transgendered. The attempt to explain the phenomenon, as opposed to merely condemn it, began only in the late nineteenth century. Richard von Krafft-Ebing, the Viennese neurologist and author of the legendary *Vicissitudes of Sex*, Psychopathia Sexualis speculated that cross-dressing among American Indians was due to too much homosexual infatuation, he thought, had probably damaged their testicles.

Freud, in his essay "Fetichism," proposed the theory of the phallic woman: A boy seeing his mother naked and noticing the penis missing, develops castration anxiety. By cross-dressing, he creates a phallic woman, thus alleviating the anxiety. But in his study "The Psychology of Schreber," Freud considered Schreber's urge to cross-dress to be an unconscious of repressed homosexuality, the doctor could accept his attraction to men only by thinking of himself as a woman.

In 1976, Robert Stoller, a psychoanalyst who has written extensively about transsexuals, proposed a strange, though rational version of the phallic woman. According to Stoller, the urge to cross-dress can be attributed to the transsexual's mother, for whom the son becomes a "feminized phallus." The mother, a domestic woman suffering from penis envy, turns the child into the phallus she desires through excessive emotional and physical intimacy, while a wife or absent. If she provides no counterbalance, "The femininity of these roles is the result of too much mother and too little father," Stoller has written.

What united all these psychological theories, aside from their kind of unconvincing accuracy, was their assumption of the supremacy of heterosexual influence. The child was seen as a blank slate imprinted by experience that he was easily responsible for his gender identity. This meant, of course,

that, genetically made, anyone could conceivably be raised in either sex, that identity could be changed from one gender to another. Indeed, Richard Green, a psychiatrist at UCLA and the author of *The Boy Who Sings*, devised a system for "curing" effeminate boys by giving them sex cream if they played with other boys and spanking or isolating them if they played with girls. He also occasionally subjected them to electroshock therapy.

Such efforts to "cure" "sissy boys" have not failed to attract critics. Collier Coile, head of a gender-identity clinic in Galveston and a professor of psychology at the University of Texas, insists there is not a single documented case in which psychotherapy has been successful in treating gender dysphoria. It means such treatment, he maintains, because its origins are genetic and biochemical.

Just how powerful a role biology can play on gender identity was brought home to me last one afternoon last December. I was having a drink with Denise Cripp in a Houston hotel. Denise, who is transgendered, is heavily-legged and has a mustache work. Her laugh is loud, her manner gregarious, her hair pulled with some roses. She lives in a trailer park out by the Houston airport and sells synthetic lab coats to heavy-equipment operators.

When the first "transsexual" she told me while sipping a gin and tonic, she became Denise to her new customers but remained Denise to her old ones. This was complicated, she had to maintain two wardrobes, sometimes switching clothes several times a day. She had to both shave and apply makeup. She had to keep enough the customers to whom she was a woman and those to whom she was a man. After three years of this, Denise's sales had exceeded Denise's, and she decided to become a woman full-time.

"You know," she suddenly said and in the midst of this remarkable story, "I have a level of pituitary hormone therapy that's higher than the average couple of men ago, my pituitary was treated by another doctor. I broke the seal under my head and it put my pituitary gland into overdrive. I lost my chest hair and grew breasts." Denise passed a second. "It was fortuitous, wasn't it?" she said.

It certainly was, and it indicates as well a powerful biochemical component to gender identity. Men and women are distinguished not just by anatomical and chromosomal differences but also by variations in the structure and biochemistry of their brains—what scientists have come to call "brain sex." While neuroscience is associated with men and estrogen with women, both sexes produce both hormones in their pituitary glands. Studies of girls born with excess levels of male hormones show them to be more aggressive, to perform better at spatial manipulations, and even to favor toy-like trucks.

Hormone levels also influence sexual behavior. Studies have shown that castrated male rodents will display much less male sexual behavior, such as mounting, and instead will engage in female sexual behavior, such as arching of the back. As this suggests, hormone levels almost certainly contribute to the urge certain men and women have to engage in the sexual display of the other gender.

Nonetheless, it is widely believed that the transgendered, through moral weakness, are merely surrendering to an evil temptation. Rusty West, a doctor in Nocona, Texas, was so offended by a recent article in *Time* magazine on the clinical treatment of transsexuals that he wrote the editor, declaring, "Once again, some members of the psychiatric

community have pressed forward their liberal, God-against-nature to gain social and legal recognition of willful activity they know is wrong and abnormal. No biological study exists for such a profane belief that God created you wrong and that these feelings of being trapped in the wrong body are justifiable."

**I** WENT TO LAW SCHOOL to defend myself, to let people know that if they failed with me, I'd back them back. Phyllis Frye told me this as she led me through the corridors of the Harris County courthouse in downtown Houston. Phyllis, a central lawyer who lives as a woman though she has not had sex reassignment surgery, is one of the most visible transgendered activists in the country. It was she who last year threatened to disrupt the celebrations for the twenty-fifth anniversary of Stonewall, the Greenwich Village riot that started the gay rights movement, unless the transgendered were included.

Phyllis is broad shouldered and stocky. Her face is pale and soft from years of estrogen use. At the courthouse that morning, she wore a powdered blue jacket, a matching old length skirt, gray tights, and low-heeled shoes. She also had on a kind of Australian bush hat with a jaunty, red-tinted feather in the band. It was, she said, her trademark. She had a brisk but affable manner, and as we made our way through the courthouse, she stopped to pick up waste almost every lawyer, cop, judge, and secretary we passed.

Phyllis decided to begin living as a woman in the late seventies, while working for an engineering firm. After the firm fired her, she went to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission but was told that while it was true that she had been discriminated against on the basis of her gender preference, that was not against the law. To the contrary, it was at that time considered the law to discriminate on the basis of sexual preference. Phyllis attended the University of Houston law school openly transgendered. Although the Christian Legal Society harassed her, she earned her degree and led a successful effort to overturn the ordinance against cross-dressing.

On the first floor of the courthouse, we made a bathroom stop. "This is there," she said, finally, indicating the men's room. "I'm going in here." She pointed to the women's. "Well, meet back in the hall."

The first chair Phyllis had to see that morning, Cheryl Baker, had recently begun living full-time as a woman, but her former's house identified her as male. This could cause problems or at least embarrassment if she were pulled out for spending too much time in the men's room. In fact, the gender identity on a driver's license can be changed at the discretion of a judge. Some judges refuse the request, but Judge Steve Link, whom Phyllis had arranged to hear her client's request, was known to be sympathetic.

We entered his courtroom. Sitting on the back bench was a tall, angry woman in a wine-red jacket and a short blond wig. Unlike Phyllis she showed a self-conscious awareness and greeted her lawyer's arrival with relief.

Leaving me with Cheryl, Phyllis approached the bench to talk to the judge. I asked Cheryl how old she was. "Fifty-three. I'm an old broad," she said with a nervous laugh.

Her large seated hands clutched her red pants. She hunched her shoulders in an unsuccessful effort to make herself less conspicuous. Phyllis, Denise had grown on her

chun. Her awkward vulnerability made her appealing. I found I was coming to like transsexuals.

Phyllis called Cheryl up to the judge's bench. Judge Lask took a short, serious look at a dark man named Cheryl. He was in handcuffs, facing criminal charges, or under arrest of suspicion, or had any other suspect motive for trying to disguise his identity.

"No, Your Honor," "Petitioner granted."

Throughout this exchange, Judge Lask had kept his eyes fixed on the document Phyllis had handed him. I got the impression he wanted to confine himself strictly to the legal technicalities of the matter before him. Only when finished with his questioning did he look at Cheryl. His face was expressive: "Congratulations," he said.

"Well, you're legal," Phyllis says after we left the courtroom. "How does it feel?"

Cheryl was hardly content. Instead, she seemed dazed and somewhat apprehensive. "I'm tired," she said. "I stayed up all night writing letters to my three brothers and two sisters. They still don't know I had a hard time explaining it."

Phyllis was familiar with the experience. "My own wouldn't talk to me for years when I transitioned," she said. "But now, I'm reconciled to him. We talk. I went to his wedding."

Phyllis depends for some of her income on court appointments to represent indigents. One of those clients was to appear that morning before Judge Jan Barr. When we reached his courtroom a short while later, a sheriff brought out a black man in an orange prison jumpsuit. While Phyllis conferred with him, I talked to him. He said I was curious about the reaction to Phyllis around the courthouse.

"It'd be less than honest if I said you don't hear talk," he said. "You always do. But Phyllis defuses a lot of that by being so open." The judge was a slight man with graying hair and a soft smile. He wore, instead of judicial robes, a navy suit. Even though he was a Republican, he said he did not see the party line on men who dress as women. "If you think it's not respectful, that's true. It's not. But it is deviant." Who gives a shit? I want a lawyer who can handle a case and look back. Phyllis can do that. So I got her the harder case."

DO YOU JUST GO UP TO PEOPLE and say, 'Hi. I'm transgendered?' Later that evening, I was standing with Phyllis, Denise Copp, and Denise's roommate, Windy Allen, in a ballroom of the Four Seasons hotel in downtown Houston. The room, replete with red carpeting and chandeliers, was the site of a fundraiser for John Whitman, a state senator and is overflowed with all manner of local legislators' lobbyists up from Austin, judges in tan gowns, and pretty women wearing their blond hair in the River Oaks style known as "dyed, frizzed, and coaxed to the side."

Phyllis Ayre had been going to such events for years lobbying against questions for a transgendered right bill she had helped draft. It was lonely work, so Windy and Denise, both of whom had just recently become activists, had decided to help. "I've won their first political event," and Windy, whose legs have been rightly called "one of her

palp-blue eyes behind thick glasses, was trying to figure out the protocol. Does a man dressed as a woman simply approach a Texas politician and say, "Hi. I'm transgendered?"

"It's easy," Phyllis told her. She stopped a passing legislator whose name she knew introduced herself, and explained that she was trying to build support for a bill that would protect the rights of transgendered as well as gay, lesbian, and bisexual people. As she talked, she held the man's arm, and he looked eyes with her self-questioning as if the best way to conceal his complicated reaction to someone like Phyllis was to concentrate entirely on meeting her gaze. "Send me the bill," he kept saying, never dropping his eyes, never glancing around to see who noticed him trapped in this embarrassing encounter. "Send me the bill so I can read it."

After forty-five minutes at the party, Phyllis drove to her mother's another fundraiser, this one for a judge in the criminal courts where Phyllis practices. The party was held at Longhorn, a saloon in a suburban shopping mall. The crowd for the judge's fundraiser was of a tougher cut than the one at the Four Seasons ballroom. There were court reporters and bail bondsmen, assistant district attorneys and criminal defenders. They lounged against the bar drinking long-necked. The judge, a heavy Hispanic man, gave Phyllis a robust hug.

Phyllis introduced Windy and Denise to two women lawyers. Denise began to explain the predicament that the transgendered sex over their driver's licenses. She produced the driver driver's license she herself had had. The photograph in the first one was of a man with a dark, thick beard. The second was also of a man, though a clean-shaven one. Denise explained that by then she had begun to take hormones. In the photograph on the third license, the one she currently used, she appeared as a woman and her sex was listed as female. But, she said, she had been lucky.

"Some judges won't let you change the sex category you master what you look like," she said. "We're like dogs going around without the proper ID."

Denise and Windy moved down the bar. One of the women lawyers, turning to her friend, opened her mouth and widened her eyes in an expression of mock horror.

It was around this time that I realized how far my own view of the transgendered had come. At first, they had made me slightly uncomfortable. The more I got to know them, the more I came to see them as sympathetic and quite interesting people. Now I found myself admiring their courage, because it takes genuine courage to venture out into the world dressed in a way that exposes you to derision, hatred, and possibly even violence.

Longhorn's is a cavernous place with a large circular dance floor. Men and women in full cowboy regalia—straw ties, gingham shirts, and bandoliered boxes with those epic, unwieldy canted riding boots—dressed the Texas two-step around the polished floorboards.

"Dancing up like a cowboy is a form of drag, isn't it?" I asked Phyllis.

"Of course," she said. Phyllis glanced at the dance floor and took a pull on her long neck. "They feel worse when they do it. They're acting out their fertility of themselves. Some do it occasionally, some do it all the time. When you ask them about it, they say they're enjoying their persona. Why? But it's an expression as any cross-dressing. We call them transsexuals."

## When Ken Met Barbie

### Introducing Jahna Steele, pinup for the nineties

JAHNA STEELE—stage actress, performer—looks out the window of her Wichita state and mentions her showgirl legs. It's in their ungainly moments, when you can look hard without being rude, that you search for something, anything that would tip you off to the fact that she was once a man. If you really try, you might catch just a hint of Gung Loongman in her upper lip, but it's only a sure seems female. Friendly, Jahna (John before the surgeons did their work) is prouder than most women. And this is very confusing. How does one go beyond the concept that someone beneath that \$40,000 worth of cosmetic reconstruction, then, there's a guy? How could he—he—know what it means to be a woman?

"God," she says, mending like Heather Lockyer. "We been so far so long that I don't know. I never felt like I was ever a guy. I started living as a woman when I was seventeen and had my operation at twenty-one."

"If we met and I didn't tell you, you wouldn't know." (She's right there.) "I've gone out with the most drop-dead gorgeous men in the world and celebrated I will not even name. And they thought, correctly, I might add, that I was a woman. I can look it up!" In the meantime, says Chen, you look like a chick. But if I look up in the morning and looked like Lou Ferrigno, it'd be like, Hey, a man's working."

Here's how it does work. Jahna, who is thirty-one and very blond, who came up from San Antonio and won Vegas's Scenic Showgirl on the Strip award, and who recently had a cameo on NYPD Blue, needs a straight man who loves women. And this man must recognize that beneath those giddy's there are 1 chromosomes lingering, the same ones that produced Mike Ditka.

"Yeah," she says, "he'd be here to know I felt a little greater discomfort. But a beta what I was looking for in a

Chen shares "I can look it up!" in the morning and say, "Okay, you look like a chick."

man in the past. Before, it was all ways (a) well, he abuse me and (b) once me like what I have been through a string of gorgeous but violent men. My new thought is life is away on the moon-ship. Though I have to say my weakness is still big, bad men."

What makes Jahna unique among transsexuals is that she is, in effect, a post-transition guy. In a society in which women serve to be respected by men, Jahna, the showgirl of a retired police officer, chose to become Las Vegas Barbie. How does she feel when the construction workers start whistling and hooting?

"Hey, I usually make money off them—pink, joke. No, I just love them out and get." She tosses back her hair. "I was a beautiful part of being a female. Loved Ann-Margret, loved Jackie Wilder—loved all that. I've always been an entertainer. And I have no problem with men. It's women who seem threatened by my glamour. A lot of times, I get derogatory comments from women."

"And I don't believe that a woman can do everything a man can do," she says. "And I've seen some pretty burly dykes. There should be male and female things."

For example? "Men should pick up the checks." Then having been established, there's always the supremely delicate topic of, well, if there's not there there anymore, what's there now? "You mean the hairy woods?" Jahna as such her eyebrows like a pin, then laughs. "It's not the same as the one on the last woman you made love to. A gynecologist might know, because I don't have a uterus."

And, for the sake of David Hasselhoff, what about organs?

"Of course—through the beauty of reconstructive. Multiple. See, I had no point of reference. I didn't know what it was like to orgasm before because I was a virgin until after my surgery."

Jahna extends a long arm, a jabber of perfume and bracelets. Her skin is soft, translucent as a puppy's skin.

I have the bluest sliver of approval on my sex. Hey, I was a heterosexual in my brother's wedding. Responding to perhaps one visual transgression too many, she looks down and adds, "No, they don't change your appetite. There are my secret old supplies. They're not bags, but they're old supplies. I do have to take hormones every day, though. I forget for a couple of weeks. That would explain the hair on my back, just itching. Listen, what are we? We're shells. Scales of the soul. My soul is what's feeling. All the surgery in the world can't make you feminine if you can't feel it inside. And I always felt like a woman."

Jahna's off now, to judge a karaoke contest at a Wichita mall. One last question: Has she ever slept in dirty sweat socks?

"No!" She makes a prize moue. For a fleeting moment, there's a little Dan Marino in the depths of her eyes. Then it's gone.

That's it. Caned the chromosomes. We're faded.

"Not faded," Jahna admonishes with a smile, "convicted." —B.A.



# "DRESSING UP like a cowboy is a form of drag," says Phyllis Frye. "It's as fetishistic as any cross-dressing. We call them transwestites."

**A**T DINNER ONE NIGHT, during a large family reunion over the Christmas holidays, I created a furious argument when I suggested that transsexuality ought to be accepted.

"It's not normal and shouldn't be accepted as normal."

"But they were born this way."

"No, it's partly choice. It's a man choosing to wear women's clothes, choosing to have his penis cut off."

"If you accept it as normal, what else are you going to accept?"

"What about incest?"

"Forget incest. What about bestiality?"

"Right. What about bestiality?"

"And what about someone who wants to cut his ears off? Is that normal?"

The argument became so bitter that some people began exchanging insults, others, flinging down their napkins, stalked from the dining room enraged, and the differing factions spent the rest of the evening muttering darkly among themselves.

The professional debate over the transgendered and sex-reassignment surgery has been equally intense. It began in 1950, when George Jorgensen, a young World War II veteran, underwent surgical castration at a Danish hospital and changed his name to Christine. Next, he became *STONE ISLAND* read a headline in the *New York Daily News*.

Psychiatrists widely deplored this "invasion of modern medicine." They denounced it as "collusion with delusion" and "psycho-surgery." "It's nice cut off his own penis, they call him a schizophrenic, but if he can persuade a surgeon to cut it off for him, then they call him a transsexual," the psychiatrist Thomas Doss has written.

But the procedure spread. In the 1960s John Money, who specialized in treating children with genital deformities at Johns Hopkins University, advanced the notion that gender was distinct from sex, possibly because of prenatal hormonal influences. Around the same time, Johns Hopkins became the first university to establish a gender identity clinic and to perform sex-reassignment surgery. Others followed suit. By the late 1970s, some forty universities had set up such clinics.

These clinics helped legitimate transsexuals by "medicalizing" their condition. But, since most surgeons will perform sex change operations only if at least two therapists attest that the patient is a "true" transsexual, the therapists at the clinics also assumed a peculiar sort of tyranny over their patients. Not everyone who wanted the surgery was considered a "true" transsexual. The therapists tried to separate those who only thought they needed castration from those who truly needed it.

Then, in 1993, Jon Meyer, a psychiatrist at Johns Hop-

kins, published a study of patients at the university's gender clinic that he claimed showed that those who had not had surgery subsequently led more "satisfied" lives than those who had. While the study's methods were attacked, it proved influential, forcing Johns Hopkins to stop offering sex-reassignment surgery. Other university hospitals did the same, and by the end of the eighties, only one of the forty university-based gender clinics remained open.

Now, even some transgendered activists oppose sex-reassignment surgery. They question the whole notion of medicalizing gender dysphoria, that is, of treating it as a disease that can be cured by surgery. But one of the fiercest critics of the procedure, also by way of analogy, whether a black person who feels he is a white person trapped in a black body suffers from the "disease" of being "transracial"? Or does he instead suffer from a delusion brought about in part by internalizing the racism he has encountered in society? Such "presenting symptoms" are not primarily medical, in this view. They have a large social component. As Janice Raymond writes, "There is no demand for transsexual medical intervention because most blacks realize it is their society, not their skin that needs changing."


For the same reasons, Stata and Raymond argue, it is society and not the sex organs of the transgendered that needs changing. This seemed a compelling position, and I mentioned it one afternoon to Dolly Derry while we were sitting on the book-lined den of her home in suburban Atlanta. Derry, a transsexual scholar, is the author of the seven-hundred-page bibliography *Gender Dysphoria: A Guide to Research*.

"What would be wrong with having a pill that could change your skin color?" Derry asked. "Then anybody could be whatever color they wanted."

This idea like sex-reassignment surgery, actually seems to violate some sense of natural order, of the essential nature of people. It would be the ultimate expression of the trend Thomas Doss has urged against: the growing dependence on science to provide technological or medical solutions to what are in fact fundamental ethical or social dilemmas. But perhaps technology will provide the ultimate solution to intractable problems like racism. After all, what really would be wrong with reducing race to a matter of personal preference? Would it be accommodating bigotry or circumventing it?

And similarly is there really anything wrong with making gender a question of choice? In her view, Derry said transsexuality was just one more manifestation of the human urge to transform the body, an urge that throughout the centuries has expressed itself in foot-binding, corsets, stretching, nose bones, lip-thickening shiffs, and in contemporary society, circumcision, liposuction, breast implants, nose jobs, face lifts, and hip-thickening collagen injections.

If it is all right to alter your face beyond recognition—and in London, a woman named Cindy Jackson has, without letters from any therapist, undergone plastic surgery to make herself look like Barbie—why not your genitals? In



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Cora Doring, Sec. and Gender: the humanists Vern and Bonnie Balthage ask, "Is it the mystical power of the sex organs, with all of their magical and religious connotations, that makes the decision to brought with meaning that plastic surgery for a face does not have?"

**M**ARTINE WILL BE OUT IN A MINUTE," the secretary said. "She's on a conference call." I was in the sleek, bone-white reception area of an office on K Street in Washington, D.C. It housed a consulting firm that arranged venture capital and provided regulatory advice to satellite communications companies. One of its executives is Martine Rothblatt, a transsexual with a law degree and an M.B.A., who is the vice-chairwoman of the business committee of the Transnational Association and who just completed a book called *The Gendered Self*.

In the book, Martine compares today's sexual segregation to the Jim Crow era of the South and calls for the abolition of gender discrimination in America, eliminating the categories of male and female from official documents like driver's licenses and marriage licenses; getting rid of same-sex harassment, applying words such as he and she with gender-neutral adjectives such as both. But what interested me was less the specifics of her utopian agenda than her insistence in the book that her transsexualism was purely and simply a consumer option, and an effortless one, too, supported by her colleagues, her spouse, and her four children, including her twelve-year-old son and six-year-old daughter.

"Hello, John."

Martine had long black hair tied in a ponytail. Her eyes were large and dark, her jaw somewhat square. She wore a brown skirt and fish shoes. She had a quiet deliberate manner and a soft handshake. We settled into expensive chairs in a glass-walled conference room.

"I never felt I was a woman trapped in a man's body," Martine told me. "I was as regular a man as you can imagine." Growing up in Southern California, she said, she surfed, skied, climbed mountains, played racquetball. And she pursued. "I've done as many rapacts with the guys as anyone."

Martine started cross-dressing during college. "It was like changing your identity. I felt the sort of exhilaration you feel skidding down a steep slope." Unlike many spouses, Martine's wife, who is black and lives directly on what Martine calls a "transsexual campus," never had any problems with it. "She said, 'I love you for yourself.'" By the time Martine was in her thirties, she had begun to think it might be interesting to spend the second half of her life as a woman.

Many transsexuals speak of loathing their male organs. In one case cited by the psychologist John Money, a transsexual who was denied surgery announced his intention to castrate himself in front of the hospital unless the operation was performed. I asked Martine if her decision to change her sex was accompanied by self-hatred.

"No."

"It won't be an agonized, torturous process?"

"No. I thought it would be neat to have a reassurance of body as a lifestyle."

"But why not just live as a woman? Why have surgery?"

"It was there. I'm the kind of person who, if I'm going

to do something, I'm going to do it to the max."

I asked about the effect on Martine's children. Her eight-year-old son, she said, encouraged her. Her sixteen-year-old daughter was equally supportive, and since she had already been cross-dressing for years at home, her two younger children, who still call her Dad, didn't notice much change after the operation. "The bulk kids are asked at school, 'Is it true your dad's a girl?' They say, 'Yeah, so what?'" The adults Martine knew were equally supportive. "My fellow workers said, 'Go for it, girl,' and some of the neighbors came up and hugged me."

I asked Martine whether, since she'd gone to all the trouble of actually having a vagina constructed, she had ever felt like having intercourse with a man.

"I've always been attracted to women."

"But didn't you want to at least try it out, just to?"

"It's not up to have a man make love to me. I love my spouse. I love my new body. We lost our sex."

Martine said one reason she had the surgery was that it eliminated the need to take hormones, which often wipe out the sex drive of pre-op transsexuals. "I was orgasmic within three or four weeks of the operation," she said.

By the time I saw Martine, it seemed to me incredible that gender dysphoria had some sort of genetic origin, like left-handedness or cleft palates; it was an infrequent but regularly occurring phenomenon in the human gene pool. I understood why, for political reasons, the transgendered resist such theories, which suggest they suffer from an abnormality that could one day be cured. Nonetheless, a central feature of human experience is the attempt to explain human experience. "Transsexuals should be no more exempt from this enterprise than masculinists, so I was surprised by Martine's refusal to admit that a cause might exist for it."

"It's a lifestyle choice," she said. She was dismissive of both psychological and sociological explanations. "They're bullshit."

There was something maddeningly opaque about Martine's answers. It is almost impossible to imagine that someone would view such a drastic, irreversible step as non-management surgery in the spirit of a recreational experiment. Gender, she was suggesting, was just a marketing decision, a way you can choose to present yourself. But if that is true, then Martine, and, by implication, all of us, are nothing more than the sum of our lifestyle choices. We have no essential, irreducible selves.

Or maybe what is essential and irreducible is the mystery of our selves. Maybe our existence, our delusion, is to forget that, for all our efforts, human life can never in the end be satisfactorily explained. The transgendered embody mystery. In doing that, they create what Marjane Gubar called "the crisis of category itself," undermining our faith not just in gender but in our very ability to conceptualize the world; they at least make the rest of us aware that we, too, are part of the mystery.

Toward the end of our conversation, Martine was trying to explain what it felt like to be a woman. When I said that I had always found women, with their greater capacity for nuance and their less competitive-conventional styles, more interesting than men, she suddenly brightened and said in a conspiratorial tone, "You're outgassed?"

"In that sense," I said, "I guess everyone is."

"Exactly." ■



STYLING: GUY



# Last Call of the Wild

Fishing enters the therapy culture, which is why we now have trout snobs, fake nature, and a class war over the great outdoors

BY JONATHAN RABAN

I FIRST REMEMBERED THAT something odd was happening in fishing—the passion of my boyhood and an occasional pleasure in my adult life—on a visit to New York in 1978. The Ralph Lauren store on Madison Avenue had become a museum of old fishing tackle and I pored affectionately over the displays of greenheart and split cane rods, wicker creels, fly boxes, bone-bound wooden reels, and dummie-style creel sticks about which flies. Though I hadn't fished in a dozen years, I could still name the Blue-Greenwell's Glory, Cockey-bonddhu Silver Doctor, Tip's Indispensable.

For me, the staff was pungent with memories of the generally world of English brooks and chalk streams. It seemed a crew of aged genery folk smelling of damp tweed and pipe tobacco. Later, upon Biffal spox Whiskey and soda ("Cha-cha") in the snug bar of the Dog and Duck.

That these characters had somehow become the epitome of New York fashion in the eighties, or at least that they discarded paraphernalia was being cast as a lure to hook the affluence young on shorts and pants and Blousons, was so bizarre that I began to suspect Ralph Lauren of having a mild and anarchic wit. What would he go for next? Stamp collecting? Amateur chemistry? Toy trains?

Then came Robert Redford's movie version of Norman Maclean's *A River Runs Through It*—a feature-length Ralph Lauren window display in a muted sepia light, then in period leisure wear did pretty things with varnished antique fly rods. The waxy craft of casting put them in touch with the historic past, and it made them at home in nature-on home in their own nature. The grace of the line unrolling from the reel, the fly leaving the surface of the water as a trout rose to meet it, was pure fashion plate. Then, with the reel back into a hoop, one could feel in the musculature of one's own forearm the burrowing shudder of the fish at the other end. In an age-pot-unspoiled Eden we were joined to wild nature by a thread of cold silk.

This image now has a poignancy that would have seemed incomprehensible a few years ago. Within the last decade, we've come to live with the idea that nature is in its fifth act. The corpora are piling up among the dying apocryphal forests, wooded habitats. Wilderness, once thought of as inexhaustible, has been reduced to posed wilderness trails, with peck fingers snoring perches to overnight campers. Like any other commodity, nature, by growing scarce, has shot up in value, and access to the wild has become a luxury and an emblem of social status.

But what do you do when you get there? Haggling over pulls after the first splinter or two. Hiking is too time and objection for people herd to displays of competitive prowess. Rock climbing is dangerous. Hunting lands one in moral dilemmas in mixed company. *A River Runs Through It* offered a solution in the form of an etiquette of covetable goods and garments: the attainable landscape



of the Northwest, a show off skill, and the promise of a dream life to the wild.

So the Sage greynote swam, creased in a man-groined leather valisair, slides into the BMW as he nudges the car phone. Born in the underground garage on the Upper East Side, the red is capable of some remarkable dashes casting, tangibly connecting its owner to a purring, snow-fall river near states away. The line snags, loops over Waccaman, unfolds past the Delatona, and falls wiggly across the current of the Clark Fork. There's an answering tug, like a small electric shock, and you're in touch.

**W**HEN I MOVED from London to Seattle in 1990, my self-esteem was dented by the discovery that I was part of a mass movement of city people piling into the Northwest, because they wanted to rub up against whatever was left of nature. We brought bad books, rear books, and Japanese macrobrooders that you can flip out of your coat pocket to zoom in on a passing bald eagle when the car stalled to a jam on the morning commute.

Seattle is a city fixated on the countryside. Bright scraps of sea and lake show at the ends of streets, and an upward glance finds snow-capped mountains moored between the high-rises. Downtown is crowded with stores that cater to the nature industry—Patagonia, REI, Eddie Bauer. A river runs through Eddie Bauer; a makeshift mountain stream that tumbles over state falls slip through the middle of the uphill store. This fishing department is tied on to our last habit. There are no trout in the Rainier River, so far as I could tell, and the rocky bottom is littered with small change instead of fish. But, it makes the point that in Seattle, much work is all ways at the heart of things. The city is blessed by the Lake Washington Ship Canal, at whose entrance by the sea looks there is an underground bunker with aquarium windows, where one can watch Pacific salmon climb the ladder on their way from the ocean to the inland river. In their ascent, color and long salmon pink into the ladder in eighth as salmon is a can. Jostling one another, fin to fin, they struggle up against the current—huge, brilliant, battle-scarred creatures in a blind rage to spawn and die.

I had never seen a fly-tying or any shop devoted to fly-fishing, each with its fly-tying classes casting clinics, and a chalkboard for the news of the day—in that the Royal Coachman. Besides, in fishing well on the Stillaguamish. Several million dollars are spent every year in Seattle on fly rods, reels, lines, leaders and flies—and that is only the beginning of a river of money that fills motel rooms and restaurant bills, funds for state Department of Fish and Wildlife through license fees, large barbs pictures on the walls of

the outdoor-clothing stores, and pays the wages of professional guides. The banking to be profitably done in nature has never recovered from the crash.

Seattle and Portland, Oregon, are the twin capitals of a particularly dramatic and intense form of fly-fishing: the ritual persecution of the steelhead trout. The steelhead is a queer fish, as big as a salmon, weighing anywhere up to thirty-five pounds. It's usually described as a sea-run rainbow trout, which is like describing a Roman Catholic as a Southern Baptist with a taste for cocaine. It spends most of its life at sea, in the ocean south of the Aleutians, and unlike the Pacific salmon, it returns to sea after spawning in fresh waters, which saves it from the helpless fate of its salmon cousin. Whereas salmon go up the river in gangs and to a strict timetable, steelhead move in ones and twos, and though there are distinct summer runs and winter runs, they enter the river during every month of the year.

Wild steelhead flourish fly fishing despite hatchery-bred "plastic fish" are now rare enough to make them prized. Since they do not ordinarily live in freshwater but live off the accumulated fat of two or three years' gluttony at sea, they are surprisingly hard to tempt with an artificial fly, and steelheading has the quaint glossiness of a museum hunt. The first fly-fisher I met was a man I found wading ashore from a white-water riffle on the Snoqualmie River, a half-hour drive from downtown Seattle. I hadn't yet bought any fishing gear and wanted him to tell me I asked the man if he'd made contact with a fish.

"Yes," he said and took on a wistful glow as he described making a long cast across the current and how after a moment's pause, the cast kept on going and going while the reel spun around like a traffic diesel. "I was out on a walkie glow as he described making a long cast across the current and how after a moment's pause, the cast kept on going and going while the reel spun around like a traffic diesel."

"I got a devil's look." "That," he said, "was three months ago. Ninth of October," making it sound like a date for marching bands and fireworks displays.

**E**AST OF SEATTLE, off Highway 495, lies the cutting edge of suburbia, where new housing developments sprout from patches of freshly cut-down woodland. Here, in the foothills of the Cascades, the rivers flatten out after their headlong trambles from the mountains. Here, the recovering nature is a stark, stark, check-by-god-with-the-woods, and the water. Whenever you look, the fir moss part to show another brand-new economy of idealistic houses. Timber with large trappings, they're half Old English-gentleman's residence, half overgrown log cabin. They are painted in pastel shades of

buff, pink, ochre—the colors of western Washington rain clouds—come alive with the bankers sitting out over the unfinished street, and the names of the settlements grace the house buyer that here is the perfect suburban rural style—Cottage Crest, Apperwood, Cedar Lake (Lake of the Woods [More Home and More Privacy]).

This is home-firm and software country. Small computer companies—such as Microsoft—do the landscape, which the firm in sight seem all of a piece. Lightly built, dysphoric, bespectacled, and brainy looking, they drive VW Golfs with infant seats in the back. The men would as soon admit to owning a gun as they would to actually hunting their personal assistants. But they go steelheading.

In a cloud-colored house with coach lamps, in a development called Chateau Glen, lives the publisher, editor, and cover star of a new fish-tying book, *Wild Steelhead and Atlantic Salmon*. I'd read Tom Peto before I met him and enjoyed the laconic angling spin of his editorial credo:

We believe in the best stopping world of a water-pumper under your fly. In the twenty-four-hour Norwegian summer light, in the brilliant and in an October sun, as indicated in the magazine in a Scotch Whisky, we have filed our fly-tying and fishing details, in a deep river, the color of jade, in blue, canister smoke, in the last day more of wilderness, we have stopping, fly-fishing, upon the bottom of your loaded tail, in hundred-year-old salmon fishing books in leather red cases in the smell of spruce ash a hard rain.

Driving into Chateau Glen I saw how a slender suit, as close as Peto's writing style and the street of pale rope houses on which he lived, both were homages for the general European past, for nature. So old-fashioned, it was a rainy February morning when I visited Peto, and his house was full of the smell of wet spruce (at least we Douglas fir) leather and cases and hundred-year-old fishing books.

Emaciated, unshaved, and weather-tanned, Peto was a few years older than his standard-issue neighbors, but like them he was a newsmonger. His life was defined by his fishing. He grew up in Massachusetts, but the East Coast was barren of the Atlantic salmon that used to swim up streams; they had disappeared in the eighteenth century victims of abhorrent English fishermen whose dams had blocked their way upstream. "Steelhead are why I moved to the West Coast," he said. In 1975, he began editing *Trout* magazine, moving it, in 1980, to Bend, Oregon. At the beginning of 1991, he moved up the coast to Seattle to start *Wild Steelhead*.

With an full-page watercolor and line drawing in a table landscape (photography in one dollar cover price), *The Best Fly-Tying Magazine Ever Published* is another sign of the local angling of fly-fishing.

"Steelheading used to be a working-class sport," Peto said. In masculine nonconformity had been given to it by loggers, logging engineers, construction workers. Whereas founded on Scottish salmon rivers had sub-political, downing-room names like Home Foot, the Willows, the Banter, conversing reaches of steelhead water were called Corby-Hole, The House Run, Powderline Hole. Steelhead flies were "short, fat, bulky—real chunks of meat," with names like the Boss, Green Hat, Skunk, Bad's Hat, Moose Tail, Kille, Jacy Bag. "When the rain collapsed," said Peto, "the old working-class fishermen quit."

For the new generation of anglers, the rarity of the wild steelhead was its point. To connect with one was to experience an epiphany. That a season might go by without a touch only intensified the purity of the quest. The new generation used flies tied on barbed hooks, and on the rare days when they reached a fish, they carefully saw their hands, rinsed the fish to have its pattern taken, and let it swim free. You do not do that with trophy fish to death.

The class distinction between the old and new fishermen was mirrored by the distinction between the increasingly small and select runs of wild steelhead and the common mob of fish born in Department of Fish and Wildlife hatcheries. When Peto spoke of hatchery fish he talked in a language of class contempt. The hatchery crews, concerned in buckets of pink coarse-squared with ink, were of "questionable origins." "Foreign stock." They were used in "renter jobs," and when they came back from their years in sea, they did not like wild fish, enter the river like gentlemen, but by sea, but came in always like motorcycle gangs. They "destroyed the character of the wild steelhead."

The politics of nature in the Northwest are fought along developed lines, and when they are blurred away about general and somewhat fish fly, we can see a political stand on a subject that goes far beyond the question of wild steelhead. The diminishing runs of "wild nature" fish, like the diminishing stands of old-growth forest, represent the remnants of a great inheritance, now inflated and devoured by an influx of forged currency manufactured by the timber industry or the Department of Fish and Wildlife. "Nature" here is decaying, as the newcomer to the region quickly learns. In your uncertainty, you see a trail of green leaves reaching up a measurable, some it (you are informed) a tree farm, a plantation of firs, all exactly the same age and size, with none of the complex characteristics, the complex and understandings, that make a true forest into a sustainable habitat for, say, the spotted owl, that disoriented, cross-eyed bird whose haunting roosting patterns are the central of so much wilderness debate. You see a steelhead wading forward and asking its way upstream from the ocean to the creek where it was born, using. It's a hatchery creature, a mass-produced, proletarian creature with the perverted innocence of a barnyard bird among members.

Soon you find yourself tilting every landscape that you see this way and that against the fish, like an art dealer searching a painting for signs of inauthenticity. "This not right" is an art dealer's phrase for fish, and a dam on a river is a planned ruin, a framed fish, a city slide, a daring of risk on the gravel bottom of a stream, the distant dream of a better one. are genuine signs of this landscape and of better times. are genuine signs of this landscape and of better times. are genuine signs of this landscape and of better times. are genuine signs of this landscape and of better times.

I see the point in the special case of the Pacific Northwest, where old patches of irreplaceable habitat still survive and might yet be saved. But then a very small of commitment consciousness in the way these tests are controlled. It is the newcomers themselves who are the fastest judges of the landscape: the couple from Brooklyn or New Haven who take their wives' leaders against the loggers, fish biologists, developers, and all the other despisers of the wilderness, and they do so in the agreed sense of people who fear they're not getting their money's worth.

Like the spotted owl, the wild muskell has become a couch-potato species. If you can find one, you are looking at real natural nature. It comes with a convenient built-in guarantee of authenticity in the form of an extra deposit. Its placid fish face has been dropped off below the pike's gills are opened, and so carry the signs of their anguinal origins for the rest of their lives, like bearded elves.

This obsession with locating the genuine in nature is part and parcel of the larger quest to find the genuine in our own nature. After all, we came out here to slough off our superficial urban selves (those consumerist industrial products) and be, well, more *real* than we were back in our eastern cities. Going fishing has entered the therapy culture.

**I** BOUGHT A NINE-FOURTYEEN-foot and pointed casting from our third-floor deck onto the roof of the neighbors' house. It was rainy and steep, but after half an hour of losing actual sight of my worm, I began to realize its utility, and I was lying a foot or less straight line, just upstream of the driveway. I made a date to spend a day on the Skagit River with Doc Hegan, a guide known as a steelhead magnet.

We'd arranged to meet at the crack of a late February dawn, at a gas station outside the town of Concrete, Washington, where I checked into a motel and went barhopping along Main Street. Concrete was hardly a hundred miles to the northeast of Seattle, but the two-hour drive seemed longer. It took me back to the middle of the ages, to an unruly goblin and robust attitude toward nature.

Concrete people were still smokers. In the bars, drunks of pungent volition fog three, the pool players into soft focus. The Saturday night crowd of broad-shouldered folk put one in mind of cotta dogs, jo-jos, and tubs of chocolate chip cookies dough as certain. The bars were monuments to local sport and industry. Their walls were hung with many men's faces, with various advertising the Winchester Repeating Arms Company alongside Midebush and Budweiser, with inflexible, scarp heads, and the pressed-out skins of wild cats. No bar in Concrete was properly a bar without a sealed lynx or bobcat, its back arched, its right-hand forelimbs raised against the viewer, jaws wide open for the kill.

The woodsmen (the half dozen examples of the genre that I saw all looked as if they were by the same hand) had gone to a lot of trouble to represent these creatures as the embodiments of primal ferocity. As morosely stuffed lynx, might easily look like the bartender's pet mouse, the ones in Concrete had been encased with gleaming, diamond-cut walk two inch dangle, and their chains were mounted in Day-Glo solder. They stood for the wilderness at night, most encase, for the hunter as hero. In Concrete, people knew how to relax to nature. They chopped it down, then it crapped it, killed it, ate it.

I liked Concrete a lot. It was a welcome escape from the goody-goody atmosphere of Seattle. I dined on chicken-fried steak, lit up a Swisher Sweet, called for a Christian Brothers brandy and felt pleasantly real in tooth and claw for the first time in ages.

Next morning, there was a clearing of frost on the ground outside the motel and a happy sign of sun on the car windshield. Doc Hegan was waiting in the gas station, his boat in tow behind a mail-slotted truck. He'd said over the phone that he was thirty, but his face was so eroded that he looked a good ten years older. Like Finn, he wore a rain-

coat, for warmth, I guessed. Freezing rain is thought to be ideal weather for winter-run steelhead, and Hegan's face, creased and windburned, might have belonged to some Arctic explorer. The sight of it made me want to go home.

We drove a dozen miles up Highway 20, the road clinging to the winding contour of the riverbank. Hegan, nodding at the water and "My office." The Skagit was swollen with snowmelt from the recent winter spill, and as soulless as face was riddled with the crazy *Arabis* of deep subalpine-water in friction with water, growing in great weeds and bolls. Patches of fleecy white showed where the river's course was broken by boulders the size of Ford Excurs. Two hundred yards or so from bank to bank, pouring water rose to eight or nine knots, the Skagit went growling, beavishly, through the woods, a big, wild horse of a river and perfect muskell water.

Hegan launched the Madeline drift boat from a clearing by a trestle bridge. The sun, a busy water, had narrowly topped the snowed edge of the mountain snowfields when in meadow chest widens, half frogs, half men—we began to sink downstream. The river went starkly pellucid—just with a dash of lime. Turbulence kept me throwing the bottom out of focus, like smoke in a Concrete bar, but every few seconds an oval window of water would open on an aquarium scene of boulders ten feet down.

"Steelhead motel," Hegan said, looking in. But every room was vacant so far as I could see. A bright flash in the rocks was someone's lost fishing lure; a promising, torpedo-shaped dark shadow was a steelhead log.

In water, life is always murky, as in the plastic-rick Puget Sound, which has the appearance of thick, half soap. Steelhead is pristine, and the Skagit, empty of sounds of narrow shoals of almost everything except the odd caddis larvae, was brilliant and lifeless. Only steelhead, on an extended Burnside after years of extreme self-indulgence, could live happily in this plastic zone of melted snow.

Hegan beached the drift boat on a patch of dew. "Do you see the stain in the water there?" A sandbar deflected the current, thrusting it from the north to the south bank of the river, the "stain" was a sharp pencil line where the fast-moving water of the rapids rubbed against the idle water on its northern side. A string of finger-size whirlpools marked its length. The idea was to fish along, and just avoid this stain. "You're looking for walking up-and water."

Steelhead do their swimming at night and rest up by day. They hang out on the fringe of the mountains, tacking themselves in behind boulders, saving their energy for the journey they will make when covering defenseless fish. The problem is first to find their hidey-holes, then to get the fly down deep enough to insert them.

Below the caddis-bait deep in the freezing river, I began to rise, pushing the line across the current and trying to let the fly drift downstream. Time and again, the current seized the line, bellying it out so that the fly slanted one inch across the top of the water. Hegan by my elbow made suggestions while my toes lost consciousness. I improved, slowly, under Hegan's instructions, and it wasn't long before I was fishing in earnest, probing the river with the fly as it went shimmering through the deep. "Remember," he said, "you're trying to find the needle in the haystack."

Somewhere down there lay something. With each cast, I tried to connect it. Pick up the phone, steelhead?

Nobody at home," Hegan said. Back in the drift boat, we floated on downstream, the



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swirls of current, crackling like a bonfire under the hull. On both banks, leafless oaks clambered from an ashen tangle of blackberry and ash. I studied the fly I had been using—a sunken corner of Hogan's and a week of violent sun-dart. First polar bear, then jungle code, then Christmas angel, then vintage cheshire, it was an object one might meet in Native American mythology or a seriously bad dream.

"It's meant to be kiddie," Hogan said.

"No, like life."

I dangled it in the water, where it quivered and collected eddies of light.

"You see how the baddies are working?"

"Is it just supposed to annoy the hell out of the fly?"

"I think it's territorial. He sees this other creature on his patch and bang! I don't think he gives it too much thought."

We fished the new pool in tandem, with me leading the way downstream and Hogan following. I tried to imagine the kiddie thing as it protruded in a ball of turbulence and swam on a zigzag track across the current—and the fish, half asleep in the lee of a boulder, suddenly alert to the presence of an angler. Porrie

coasted under. Flashed over the rod, forefinger crooked around a loop of line. I was all expectancy and ardor; with each fish cast, the unseen modified grew more palpable, and it was so nearly then that I was in a state of premonitory shock at the sudden, violent wrench of the fish's mouth on the fly.

Underfoot, the bank pebbles were treacherously slick, and my toes were numb. Halfway down the pool, I clambered ashore only to the warning and I'll save the web of last night's Swisher Sweet to celebrate my first fish; now I hit it in honor of a phantom. Launching a critique of smoke into the mountain air, I lay on the sand and watched Hogan.

He was making enormous cuts with a double-handed Spey rod. It was a depressing sight, so we severity ate or ephy fly of line up from his rod tip and angled lightly over the water, where it made a weightless landing as true as a line of longitude. Up to his solar plexus in the chest, padding confidently along as slippery bottom, you would tag slowly on a quail of chewing tobacco, cooing like an angel. He was giving a mesmerizing demonstration of how to make oneself comfortably at home in nature.

The nasal charring of a woodpecker in a tree was overlaid, on the usual, by a covey yodel from Hogan. It wasn't a woodpecker, it was the racket on the reel, and a fish rattling fast and deep across the current.

"Not a lightning bolt," Hogan called, as the sound dropped in pitch to a steadily muffled throb. The big Spey rod was bent in a half circle, its wrist tip shivering. Flanked by waters, I stumbled along the water's edge; it was like trying to sprint through glue.

By the time I reached him, Hogan was a stress magnet. His long whip flaked and, far away under the trees on the far bank, the fish dived into the air and hung there, a glowing quarter moon whose sudden brilliance inside the ree of the world look like and monochrome. Hogan's leaping fish, released from the laws of perspective, a blur of silver, spraying the air with light, looked like the manifestation of some unearthly presence. It was too big for the river, too full of life for the sterile clarity of the water from which it sprang.

Within two or three minutes, the fish was twining wretchedly in the shallows, directly under Hogan's rod and it had shrunk a lot since its moment of glory in the air. It turned out to be a horn fish, wild (it exhibited an unimpaired adipose fin as a colley) of about six pounds—a oddball as steelhead go. It splashed and yawned, shook the bubbles back from its mouth and was gone. It left a fading wake in the water, like a sinking hubcap.

"This was a good day—now it's a great day," Hogan said. It was his first full hit in more than a week.

All afternoon, we drifted and fished, drifted and fished. An eagle riding a thermal circled over us; we floated past

the white stumps of young trees, tidily logged by humans. We skidded over a succession of small rapids, then tramped down a long, deep man-made pool I hung over the bow of the drift boat, searching the checkerboard of colored rocks and gravelly holes for fish. Not a fish stirred in that beautiful, deserted underwater world.

When the sun collapsed into the Douglas firs on a hilltop not far off, the whole valley was immediately refrigerated. The chill was bitter as I began to fish the last pool. The opposite bank was a sheer cliff of greenery, fast turning black, and the beads of current in the stream had lost their sparkle and taken on the viscous look of poured air. A truck, on headlights on full beam, risked the teeny lily fern above the water. I'd quite forgotten about the snails. Either, the snail of the river, had wend, half melted, had drowned the rene of snail—but now I saw that the whole day had been spent not in a wilderness but on a roadside.

Neither this thought nor the way cold could drag me back to the boat and the last half mile to the public ramp. I could feel the steelhead, residing themselves to rise from their dormant haunts and begin the long night's cruise up stream. I was curing better now. My luck was in.

It was just a question of getting an extra yard farther out a foot or eighteen inches deeper. The fly was so nearly within reach of the fish that it seemed that one last muscular push would make the connection. I cast and cast, and I could no longer see where my leader was falling on the water. Back in the boat, as Hogan ferried us into the current, I held out two frozen white forefingers within half an inch of each other. "It was this close," I said. ■

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This month:  
John Banville  
Versace  
Bass  
Joel Agee

## The Ordeal of a Thousand Cuts

BY JOHN BANVILLE

### Sleep

I AM NEVER AT EASE in the presence of sleeping people—that is, I am even less at ease with them than I am when they are awake. When I was married, I mean when I still had a wife and all that, I would have preferred to spend my nights alone, though of course I had not the nerve to say so. It is not so much the uneasy element of sleep that disturbs me, though that is disturbing enough, but the particular kind of solitude to which the sleeper at my side abandons me. It is so strange, this way of being alone. I think of Thoreau, vodka, that sort of thing. There I was, on, worse, he, in the dark, in the presence of the trivial, who seems to have attained a sort of apothecia, who seems so achieved, rising in this deeply breathing calm on a darkened plain between two worlds, there and at the same time infinitely far removed from me. It is at such moments that I am most acutely aware of my conscious self, and feel the electric throb and tingle, the filament and avial weight of being a living, thinking thing. The whole business then seems a scandal, or a dreadful joke devised by someone who has long since gone away, the point of which has been lost and at which no one is laughing. My wife, now, was a prompt of restless sleeper. Her head would hit the pillow and swirl with a few preparatory shudders she was gone. I wonder if it was her way of escaping from me. But there I go, falling into asphragms again, my beating me. God knows what it was she was escaping. Just everything, I suppose. If escape was

Probably she was in the same fix as me, wanting a lot herself to lie down and not daring to say so. To be alone. To be at one. Is that the same? I don't think so. To be at one what a curious phrase, I've never understood exactly what it means. And I, what mean? To be like when I sleep, as I occasionally do? Something crouched, I imagine, crouched dog, go and ready to spring out of the dark, fangs flashing and eyes greenly alive. No, no, that is altogether too fine. Too sleek, more like a big-headed, snubbery thing, can sit up out of the sleep, yaps and gasps.

### Kiss

THAT WAS. Well. The effect of it was to last for days—for weeks. I felt like something that had been shattered and yet was still of a piece, all run through with barbed metal and flutera and rocking on my base as if I were an effigy carved from ice and she had come running at me with a hammer and delivered me a ringing blow. It brooded ceaselessly on this brief contact in a state of gloomy joyfulness and musing, turning the memory of it this way and that, scrutinizing it from every possible angle. At times I got myself into such a state of frenetic speculation that I doubted it had happened at all. It was so long since I had kissed a woman, I hardly knew how I should feel, and anyway I was always old-fashioned in these matters. Nowadays

young people [I still thought her much younger than she was] seemed to lean each other at the drop of a hat. Every where I looked they were in it, in the street, in restaurants, on bicycles. Even And it was not the demure, stiff-bodied grappling of my day, but the soft slung, open-mouthed, groin-grinding, noisy I know I watched them. [It is a wonder I wasn't arrested.] And of course I could not believe it had meant as much to her as it had to me: the tongue of flame that had licked my middle-aged flesh and made it sear would hardly register, surely, on her hot young hide. Probably she was being kissed all the time and thought nothing of it. Yes, I would tell myself sternly, it was nothing at all to her, she hardly noticed it, and I would give myself a vigorous shake, like a dog out of water, and go on as my business only to feel again immediately with redoubled fury into tomorrow's hysterical, hopeless speculation. In fact, all I say I was like a stunted tree in a mud pool, mere life, hot and heaving, and the thought of her a bubble rising and steadily swelling and then breaking the surface and hurrying with an awful plip wide down in the depths another blob of tarted speculation was already forcing itself.

## Flesh

WE HAD NO NIGHT, it was always daylight when we met. Oh, the ugliness of those poverty-colored ascomoras, with the muffled rust of the cry below it and the abundance of rain on the window and our breath when at thought in the intervals and sometimes leaning at window that crimson colored ceiling. She did not put curtains, brown hairy things that hang in lumpy folds like ladies, but we never drew them. I wanted to look at her in the hardest light, to see the pores and blanchities and the little dark hairs that stood erect under my caresses, especially I measured those times when exhausted or half asleep, she would be sprawled across the couch, flaccid and agape, bunched in forgetfulness of herself and of me, then I would sit by her side with my legs drawn up and arms clasped about my knees and study her soft by creek, from her gnarled knuckles to her splayed, unsmiling long toes, devouring her slowly, minutely, in an unshared cannibalism of the senses. How pitifully delicate she was. She glimmered. Her skin had a grainy chalk texture that it times, when she was out of sorts, or nervous, I found exciting, yet unpleasant to the touch. Yes, it was always there, behind all the transience and the adoration that fared, and, assuaged him of desire, waiting like pan alighted, waiting, and reminding. Thus I am convinced it was not in the

anasthesia that makes beside the fish of another. And we meet cathedrals upon it

## Execution

THE WORK WAS OUR HIM, OUR SECRET. We never spoke of it, never mentioned it at all, for that would have been to temper with the magic. And it was magic more word than whip, working transmutations of the flesh. She did not look at me when I was wielding it, but shut her eyes and rolled her head from side to side, slack-mouthed in ecstasy like Bernini's Saint Theresa, or stared off steadily into the plush ornate chamber of her fantasies. She was a devotee of pain, nothing was as real to her as suffering. She had a photograph, torn from some book that she kept in her purse and showed me one day when by a French anthropologist someone in the turn of the century, of a criminal being put to death by the ordeal of a thousand cuts in a public square in Feking. The poor wretch, hunched, in skullcap and black paper pants, was linked to a stake in the middle of a mildly curious crowd who seemed merely to have paused for a moment in passing to have a look at this first time before going on about their busy business. There were two executioners, very little fellows with pagoda, also in black, also wearing skullcaps. They must have been using the job in turn, for one of them was having a stretch, with a hand pressed to the small of his back, while his fellow was leaning forward against a good-size gauge into the flesh of the condemned man's left side just under the rib cage with a small, curved knife. The whole scene had a morbidly of slightly funny, smiling look to it, as if it were a minor holiday and the execution a familiar and not very interesting part of the day's entertainments. What was most striking was the victim's expression. His face was lifted and inclined a little to one side in an attitude of acute thoughtful and patience, the eyes cast upward to that line of white was visible under the pagoda, the tying of his hands had forced his shoulders back, and his knuckled, acrossy chest stuck out. His might have been about to deliver himself of a strong address or burst out in ecstatic song. Yet, contrary, that is what his countenance suggested, the ecstasy of one lost in ecstatic pleasure of a transcendence, maybe far more real than the one in which his sufferings were taking place. One leg of his loose trousers was bunched up where the executioner—the one with the crack on his back, no doubt—had been at work on the calf and the soft place in the back of the knee, a smudge of black blood extended in a zigzag from his narrow, shapely foot and disappeared among the feet of the crowd. ■

How does an Irish novelist escape the brilliant but oppressive portmanteau of James Joyce? Go East, middle-aged man! Hit the Continent! That's what Samuel Beckett did, and that's what John Banville, perhaps the greatest Irish novelist of the day, has done, modeling his writing after Nabokov's. His rhetorical fireworks, which include *The Book of Evidence* and *Argentea*, avoid the singsong Irishness favored by Joyce-struck peers Banville's Irishness novel is *Julian* (Knopf), from which the paragraphs above have been excerpted. They reveal the fleshy, oil-painted brilliance of Banville's prose



# A Beer and Some Chips with Jeffrey Dahmer

BY VERNELL BASS

ONE HOT, HUNDRED NIGHT in the middle of July, I was awakened by the sound of something getting eaten. It was 3:30 a.m., and the stomach had me really frightened and confused. I sat up in bed for a few seconds trying to get my focus straight. Then I got up and walked into the living room, sniffing the air. At first, I was thinking that our cat had slipped somewhere in the apartment, maybe on the kitchen table, but there was nothing on the kitchen table. My wife and I always went to bed with a clean kitchen, dishes washed and all put away. I went back to the bedroom and woke up Pamela, because I was not too fond of cats, I said, "Damn, baby, this fucking cat has slipped somewhere in the apartment." I said, "As she got out of bed, Pamela untied the stomach, too and came to the cat's defense. "No, the cat will only go in her later life," she said.

She started to sit around until an effort to locate the stomach. We both walked toward the front door. Damn, that's where the smell was coming from. I got a dirty towel from the closet and put it under the door to block the draft. We went back to bed. That morning, Pamela told me she was going to make it her business to locate where the smell was coming from.

I found myself hurrying to go home that night to find out what Pamela had discovered. She greeted me at the door, excited from having located the smell. She directed me to sniff apartments 202 to 215. I sniffed it, 215, since it was the closest, and I needed to go no farther.

The following afternoon, I confronted my neighbor Jeff about the smell. At that time, Jeff allowed me to enter his apartment.

JEFF'S APARTMENT WAS VERY NICE and clean. I wish you knew that I was very impressed. I didn't notice any paintings on the walls, although I'm sure he may have had some.

I had entered the apartment without him actually inviting me in. Jeff had his door open and was just returning from taking out his trash. It was Saturday afternoon, approximately 1:30 P.M. or so.

I walked out to the freezer. "Jeff, how long have you had that?" I asked, pointing to the freezer.

"Oh, for a couple of months. I use it to store my meat because I don't get to go shopping often, so I shop for most meat a month and keep it frozen in my freezer."

"How much did you pay for the freezer?"

"I believe his reply was zero."

"Because it's fairly new, Jeff, the warranty should still be in effect."

"Yeah, they've been out to fix it once before, and I've called them again to fix it. This is the first time I've had to throw away my meat because it spoiled overnight while I was at work."

The awful scent was still lingering in his apartment. "Jeff, maybe that smell is coming from the freezer."

"No, Yarn, because I cleaned it with Fresh Seal."

I looked on the kitchen counter and saw several empty detergent bottles.

"Then maybe it's coming from underneath the freezer. Did you check underneath the freezer?"

"I don't know. Yarn, I've sniffed everything in and out of the smell, and I'm truly sorry for any inconvenience that I may have caused you."

ANOTHER TIME I recall entering Jeff's apartment was toward the end of October. I just left in the mood to visit with him, so I invited myself over to his apartment. It was Sunday morning, I knocked on his door, and he looked through the peephole to see that it was me. He opened the door. He was wearing a clean, light gray checkered bathrobe and didn't have on his glasses.

"Are you here?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you have a smoker?"

"Sure, let me get them."

I stepped inside and closed the door behind me as he walked toward the bedroom to get the cigarettes. He went into the bedroom and returned with a pack of Marlboro cigarettes and a red lighter. He had also put on his glasses. The awful scent was still there but milder. After giving me a cigarette, he offered me a seat on the couch. He went back to close the sliding door that led to the small hallway to the bedrooms and bathroom. "How does it feel to be single, Jeff?" I asked as I lit the cigarette. He returned to the living room and sat in the tweed chair in the corner of the room.

"It's okay, it stinks, then other times it's just a pain. My ex-girlfriend lives in West Allen."

"How long have you been living here in the Chalfont apartments?" I asked.

"I moved in around April, a month before you guys moved in."

He put a cigarette in his mouth and reached for the lighter that I had put on the cocktail table. After he lit his cigarette and put the lighter in his pocket, he seemed to relax. He appeared to be just a typical guy living alone.

We talked about his girlfriend and how she didn't want to live in the inner city. We talked about his job and living in the Oxford building. He was the only white guy in the building, but he didn't appear to have any racial hang-ups, and that was one of the reasons I liked him. The only thing that made me wonder about him was the fact that I never saw him with a woman or anyone, but I thought that he could be growing over his girlfriend. He told me that he kept all his valuables locked in his bedroom whenever he was at work or out of his apartment. I thought nothing of it because of the trouble that had occurred. After a couple of days during this visit, I got up to get a glass of water and Jeff got up and came to where I was standing. As I drank my water, he reached to show me a condom he had played in over the sink. He asked if I could smell it working and how well. He said he had purchased it because of the odor in his apartment. I never felt fearful of Jeff nor did I feel threatened in any fashion. I asked why he didn't own a car, and he said he couldn't afford one. When I left his apartment, he gave me a few cigarettes for later. After visiting with Jeff, I felt welcomed by him. I believed I had a friend across the hall, someone I could talk to, man to man, whenever I felt like, just talking to another guy away from the wife. I felt I had found a friend that I could relax to and watch sports with while having a beer and some chips.

**T**HE FOLLOWING WEEK, a guy I knew came to our apartment, wanting to sell two bags of green bird gotten from one of the food pantries in the area. Obviously, a drug addict would get food from a nearby food pantry and sell it for cash or drugs. I would usually give the guy cash or some dollars, but on this night I didn't have the cash, so I thought about Jeff. I knew he'd be interested in getting more for his. I had the guy wait while I went across the hall with the bags to talk to Jeff.

When I knocked on the door, it didn't take long to see his purple flannel, and then he opened the door. I stepped inside and walked over to his small kitchen table with the two bags and sat them down. I told him about the guy wanting to sell the two bags of food. Apparently, Jeff had been in his bedroom—he had on his favorite robe—and as I stood by the table I could see that his bedroom door was cracked and the light was flickering from the television.

He refused, saying he couldn't afford it and made a joke about not eating food. I laughed with him, thinking he was saying he couldn't afford to go to the store to shop. I noticed that I was standing next to a large floor and a half foot black plastic barrel that was sitting in front of the freezer. It had a lid on it. I stepped in front of the barrel and shook it to see if anything was inside. "What's this for?" I asked.

Jeff said he'd gotten it from work and he just wanted to have it.

Once again, I laughed, saying, "I can just imagine you riding the bus and carrying this thing."

"No, I caught a cab and brought it here," was his reply as he smiled at me.

Since he didn't have the cash for the food, I didn't want to keep the guy waiting in my apartment any longer, so I left Jeff's apartment. Being unable to get rid of the bag, I gave them back to the guy, who left my apartment.

**I**'D STARTED A NEW JOB in April, and I was getting home late. The awful smell still remained in the hall. I had enrolled in a CAD (computer aided drafting) course that was held two evenings a week. On this particular evening, I entered through the nearest door after entering my class and so I approached our apartment. I could hear the sound of a power tool being used in Jeff's apartment. It could have been a power saw or a power drill—I have no way of knowing. I didn't stop as I went inside my own apartment. I asked Pamela, "What the hell is your building over here?"

"I think he's building a bookcase because he's been trying to drop up his apartment lately," she replied.

She went on to say that she'd seen him carrying boxes and large bags, things he had been shopping for to decorate his place.

The next evening, as I approached our apartment, I could hear Jeff yelling and throwing things. I slowed my pace and walked quietly over to his door to listen. I heard him swearing. "The fuckbitch!" I told you. This was it. All your fucking bitch!

I had to hear this, so I put my ear closer to his door to listen. Then all at once it went silent. I wanted to hear some crack or snap, reply to Jeff's yelling, but there was none, only silence. I turned and walked into my apartment, and closed the door behind me. I told Pamela as I stepped inside, "Damn, baby, what's happening with Jeff? He's going off over on somebody." She had no reply. Because he'd rarely had guests at his apartment and no phone, I only assumed that he was having a temper tantrum, and as long as he kept it in his apartment, my I had no problem with what he did or was doing.

# The Unnameable Trying to Barge In

BY JOEL AGEÉ

**O**N AN UNREMARKABLE WINTER night shortly before Christmas 1991, I took a large dose of LSD. It was late around two o'clock in the morning. Susan was off to sleep, and told me to wake her if I needed help. A strong wind was rattling the windows and whirling rain and garbage through the streets. I turned off the lights, lit several candles, took off my clothes, sat down on a large Turkish cushion.

Near me on the rug stood a bowl with fruit and a glass of water. After a while, my hands started to look strange, a familiar sign that the seal had taken. Unnoticed rings of blue, red, and green played over my arms and legs. The whole room with its soft, dancing lights was steeped in a sort of visual perfume—turquoise, too, as I discovered when I dipped my fingers in the water and touched them to an apple and a glass. A splatter of rain against the window paneed through me like an equine whetstone. The room I entered myself in sensation the more beautiful and the more subtly animated it became. What better saying for the rest of this trip than under the blanket with Susan? But on the way to the bedroom, I saw my reflection in a tall mirror, and stopped. It looked like one of those alchemical representations of a phoenix, made of brass or gold. At the same time, the dance of light and shadows gave me skin a shifting, transparent quality. Like the wind-rattled surface of a clear pool of water. On closer inspection, I saw that the body had bones, fall and round, like ripe fruit, and the golden phallus was replaced by a triangular grow of dark pink flesh. Then, the breasts were crushed by thick cords on a level I had never experienced. The arms, too, were powerful and adorned with metal bracelets. A particularly visceral wound opened up in the chest, which was hollow now, with a web of blue veins beneath the skin, blood flowed down the belly and onto the legs, the body turned a dull greenish grey, the skin cracked and split, worms swarmed in and out of the putrefying orifices, a new, pink, adolescent body blossomed out of the corpse, whether a girl or a boy's waist, clear, ballooned into obesity, shrank and shrank again as withered, hollow-cheeked old men with a long, pendulous scrotum. I knew that what I was seeing was the reflection of my thoughts, but this was no comfort, because my thoughts were no longer mine.

Two rooms away, Susan was sleeping. I started walking

in her direction. The dining room was almost unrecognizable, much too long, the disaster door to the bedroom was my Asclepi on the floor, twitching, our milk-ladle lay in my path, a breathing monument of approach. He had some kind of spastic nerve disease that, according to the veterinary, was incurable. Why had I not taken him to another vet? Because I didn't care enough. Because I wanted pleasure and was always banishing pain from my thoughts. Because I would count pleasure as long as the sick and the sizzling old were out of my sight. A flash of lightning lit up the apartment. I needed help, fast. Far off to my left, on a couch, in the glow of a wall lamp, lay the Bible. I stepped around the twitching dog, walked the three median steps to the couch, pulled up the black book, sat down, opened the book to a column of red words that was at the same time a tall building the color of blood, with empty spaces in place of windows, but of course I knew it was not a building, this was the Bible and these were the words of God, which, once read, would be words of salvation. Inside each word were letters and chains of letters all pulsing their own unrecognizable meanings; to do right—first he had struggled for the eye and against the ear, and that felt extremely uncomfortable. Then a burst of thunder desolated the seas, and the opening phrase stood before me: "Bless thou these great buildings" which I assumed meant the house of words on the page, and I thought: How wonderful, the most be God the Father's house with its many mansions, and I looked to see like some sort of head where a soul could find shelter from the storm and maybe a hospital, too, where a sick dog could be healed. To enter it, you had to read with flesh in your heart and fight off any temptation to pin the words of the parts against the whole. So I read: "There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." and as I read, there was a knocking against the windows which I knew was the wind, but it was also the unnameable trying to barge in, and the house of stone and the house of words were the same thing threatened with rain and the words on the page and the sounds in the room and outside had the same awful meaning. There was a thumping sound, for instance, that I recognized as the beating of my heart, but it was also a coarse drumbeat pounding some unnameable clause. Nothing was more important now than to keep the building intact by reading each word in its divinely intended sequence, but a tiny track was built into the message. Stopped here from the top, I was warned not to go down into the house rather enter there-

Two years ago, Vernell Bass couldn't get to sleep. He was troubled by memories of the country innkeeping he had enjoyed with his neighbor at the Oxford apartments in Milwaukee. That neighbor was Jeffrey Delaney. Then thirty-seven and a professional draftsman, Bass decided that the only way to get peace (and, perhaps, a little money) was to get his experiences down on paper. So he did. He deposited what he'd written in manuscript, except here, on the doorstep of a publishing firm that he found in the yellow pages. Bass is now working on a new manuscript while serving a short sentence in a Wisconsin prison.





in." an instruction that should have been posted on the roof. But before I could turn back again, I was unaccountably told not to do that and not to "take up my garment" unless, no doubt meaning the clothes I had dropped on the living room. How good on such a night to be in the house of God! But the next sentence chilled me: "Wise to show that are with child and to those that give aid in their days"—*flashes!*—and there was a flash of light followed by a tremendous crash, and that shock blew away the cable membrane that sets apart the everyday self from the deathless soul and the domestic cave from the restless, bottomless universe. But my heart was still locked in pounding the walls like a desperate prisoner. Nothing was what it was any longer, the makeup had fallen, the dog was all the sadness and suffering of life, and I had been put naked into the world to take care of it and had made such a sorry mess of it through the ages, and now I had swallowed a poison concealed in a sugar cube that was setting free a horrific power that had laid in concealed in words from the beginning of time, the same power that had created the world and was now tearing it back into chaos. I shut the book as if to clasp shut the mouth of God, but the message continued in the steady scratching of the days' done, the frenzied whispering and howling outside. Why, when I still had the chance, had I taken my stand with the letters against the text? These words might have made other meanings, other outcomes possible. Now it was and done: irrevocable, written in blood, and it was my fault, because my nerves and cells were the conductors by which the world was not only perceived but sustained, and I had swallowed a poison that no human body was meant to absorb, and that was now racing through the most sacred and secret halls of the temple like an invading army, invading the sanctuary, burning the scriptures, and it wasn't my body only that was going down in thunder and rain, it was the world. There was a shout on the street, a needle clasp. A police car passed by with a wailing siren. And then a new element appeared in the text, a hard bang on the door, and another one, and a rushing, swishing sound in the hallway and a third, brand-bang—and that, too, was my doing, though I didn't know how I had done it or whose hand aimed those knocks were pounding. I didn't answer, or even dare to move. I thought of calling Susan

for help. She was asleep. Asleep? How was that possible? How could the same divine power (mine?) crash the world in one hand and cradle it in another? And how could I dare disturb the grace that presented her? Let her be at least be loved.

I was lying prostrate against the back of the couch with my arms stretched out right and left on the pillows in the position of the crucified. The mind racing in circles, and seeing itself trapped and exposed on all sides, covered, and wanted, powerless for the final judgment. The dog whined in his sleep, bared his fangs, let out a growling snarl. Then our white cat came in from the bedroom, stopped at the sight of me, fixed me with his malicious eyes, or was it my eyes that had caught his, was I looking him in triplicately, for he was walking toward me now, leaped up onto the couch, put the cool weight of a paw on my leg, stepped on my groin, my belly, my chest, and lowered himself down on my stomach, purring, and still steadily going into my eyes, impossible to approximate, none in the dim light of memory and with words, the strangeness of the scene. I am not to be said, that was one essential ingredient. It was not an element in the mad text of distraction. Nor was it blank. It came from a different world altogether, a world untouched by symbols and signs, and because that world perceived me. I knew that I looked in it, and that in it all was well. The gaze was not mine. It spoke plainly in the pure language of being—of all creatures and things do, as indeed thunder and lightning do, so that if we could hear and perceive the good news that streams in upon us perpetually from all directions, if we were not forever distracted by the lure and the surface of the nonexistent, we would not be in need of salvation. But here the eternal message was being delivered to my all, down with perfect detachment and at the same time with something like mystical command, as if to say: This is for you, and I will not be refused. Calmly, the animal outgazed my terror. I, too, became calm. Outside, the storm abated and gave way to a steady, strong rain that clattered on the tin awning over the porch. For a long time, I listened to the rumbling rattle and subsidence of the cat's pleasure. He was flapping his front paws in rhythmic alternation, working the tips of his claws into my chest.

Jed Agnew grew up largely in Mexico and East Germany, the stepson of the writer Bodo Uhse. As a young child, he did not know that his father was the writer James Agnew. When Jed emigrated to America in 1960, an acquaintance suggested that he would now know capitalism firsthand, not just in theory (and thus become a good Marxist). Instead, in the streets, he began consulting the CIA and consulting psychoanalysts, experimenting with the operations of fate and chance, and, briefly going mad. This excerpt is taken from the splendid, nearly completed memoir *In the House of My Fear*.



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Report from Milan. Neorealist suits for spring, Nautica's new tack.

On Fashion: Woody Hochswender

# Glamour Guys



**T**HE NEWS from Milan for fall is all about glamour. This can mean anything from a rakish Hollywood pinstripe suit with boutonniere and fedora to a guy in twin cashmere sweaters brandishing a cigarette holder and looking

like a mischievous decorator. Some collections actually seemed to have been designed by Liberace. There were shiny suits and nylon suits (Krisa Uomo), aquared trousers (Jas Gawronski), pinstriped trousers (Gucci), and mohair trousers (Valentino).

Though many of these looks are cartoons of real elegance, they do perhaps signify the final nail in the coffin of grunge and the down-

dressing that designers have promoted in recent years. This could mean that the power suit is not dead after all. (But don't tell that to the anything goes guys at BM.)

In his fall '95 collection, Giorgio Armani introduced a pumped-up silhouette that recalls his suits from the mid '80s. The shoulders are wider than in recent seasons, and the waistline is very suppressed. The designer

**Leaner redux:** Above, from left, Valentino's scotch-striker in polo coat, fur collar, and trousers with belt; Dolce & Gabbana's three-piece-wetted suit; and Giorgio Armani's wider, fitted silhouette.



seemed to be offering this silhouette in an idea among many, since there were plenty of wider-shoulder suits in the show. There was also exception of knitwear, overalls and in stone colors.

Other designers also are experimenting with a wider shoulder, including Gianni Versace, who showed three collections: leather, Versace, and Couture.

The leather and Versace lines are filled with close-fitting clothes: oversize pinstriped suits, shiny cropped trousers with black leather and white socks. The higher-priced Couture collection, with its full cut double-breasted, was shown with banks of video monitors on both sides of the stage—forty-eight TVs per side—that sometimes clicked on to frontal images of male models. In general the men looked better with clothes on.

Not all Milanese designers do big runway shows es-

pecially if their clothes are fairly subtle. There were beautiful tailored shapes at the showroom of Antonio Fucci, crone from high-performance wool suits at Ermanno Zegna's, and round all knit suits at Milan's. Several smaller fashion houses also made their mark. Alberto Tosi scored with the slowest in shiny black shapes belted nylon jackets stretch ski pants, fleece ponchos, and heavy alpaca boots. Couture House is a design team that makes a collection of great

jackets and pants. Their signature look is a fitted jacket, often in a shiny fabric, over popovers trousers. They show their clothes in a classless gallery space that is packed with followers. This season, the floor was covered with plastic bottles and containers, all painted white and video monitors flashed images of eyeballs. Don't ask why. The clothes

**Fall looks:** From left, Versace's gamutted cut, Versace's broader cut, Gucci's potent trousers, light's pinstripes, and Couture House's skin suit.

are kind of ergonomic and cool too. Finally, Tricia, which has built an enormous following among women, unveiled its first complete men's-wear collection in its Milan showroom. The simple charcoal-gray suits, shiny down parkas, and black nylon accessories are bound to be a hit.

## The Page Six Look

**I**F MEN'S FASHION lately, an essential prototype has emerged. He is tall and blond and wears black glasses—a combination of Horik and David. Two men have advertisements in it runway shows. He looks as if his name should be President. He also bears an uncanny resemblance to Richard Johnson, the Page Six columnist of the New York Post. Perhaps men's-wear designers want to give the Model-superior of the post a suggestion of depth, a touch of the intellectual to offset the megamane. Otherwise, we might begin to think of these as hushes, male versions of beauty with no brains in



**Stylish curls:** Above and below Clark Kent in his own ads and shows are rugged for New York Post columnist Richard Johnson, not left.



## SPRING SUITS

# Sicilian Style

LIKE SOME ITALIAN NEOREALIST film from the forties or fifties, men's fashion collections this season have been filled with traditional high-tailing, fitted suits, worn with the kind of swagger that might have made Anna Magnani hypercritical. (On these pages, the lusty woman is played by Italian actress Anna Farchi.) One Milanese design team, Dolce & Gabbana, even evoked the

Sicilian-mobster look in its spring fashion show. Pinstripes and dark colors (occasionally white) contribute to this elegant grifter effect. It combines the suit style most men actually wore a few decades ago with the tailoring innovations that typify the modern suit (soft construction, superlightweight wools). Call it the ladies suit with a hint of Mediterranean menace and glamour.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ROBERTS



I think I might be next to Casanova, but the men are by Tommy Hilfiger, the shirts by Brooks Brothers. From left, a gray wool double-breasted, a three-piece navy wool suit, a navy wool single-breasted with red pinstripes, and a navy wool double-breasted. MICHAEL ROBERTS. STYLING: Anna Farchi, and hair by George Armani. Make-up: David, from left, by Colina Kline.



FROM LEFT: Three-button ivory vest suit, gray postcure neck, double-breasted wool tuxedo, three-button brown wool suit, and white-tuxedo suit, all by Deane & Deane. Shirts, black, long, and long by Deane & Deane. Suspenders by Ray-Rae (top page) and George Armani (opposite). Hat shirt by Studio of Charles Hirschman, and tie and stockings by Tailors' Secret; cuff by Edey, earrings by T&L.

For more information  
see page 140.

# CHARTING A NEW COURSE

**S**AILING HAS ALWAYS BEEN the inspiration for Nautica, a company known for its colorful sportswear and serious foul-weather gear. But this season, founder and designer David Chu has come about, so to speak, introducing a complete collection of Nautica tailored clothing. "We wanted to extend the comfort and functionality of our sportswear to suits and ties," says Chu. The line includes soft navy blazers, silk sport jackets, and seersucker suits, here photographed on the PACT 36 racing team, one of the three American crews competing to defend the America's Cup in San Diego in May.

**From left:** Robert Hopkins, navigator; Ronald Townsend, skipper; Sam Bond, strategist; Kevin Mahoney, skipper; Joseph Forsberg, mainmast tender; and Kevin Shaver, mast.

Photographs by  
Troy Word

PRODUCED BY JOHN MATHER

Aboard the Flying America's, with a hull painting by Ray Larkins, crew members wear two-button easy-weave sport jackets, cotton-knit vests, cotton dress shirts, silk ties, and cotton-plaid trousers by Nautica by David Chu.



## SEAWORTHY AND STYLISH, TOO

**This page:** *U2* sailors wear Nautica's classic cardigan coats over cotton T-shirt teases, vintage-style denim shirts, nautica T-shirts, nautica trousers, and nautica sweaters.

**Opposite:** Two friends in deck-dress sport jackets, cotton knit vests, cotton polo shirts, denim pants, and cotton sweaters by Nautica by David Uzi.





## WINDJAMMERS IN COTTON SEERSUCKER

**The page:** Five models wear Nautica Blue Jackets (with armwarmers with cotton-knit ends) and the light-blue shirts, cotton T-shirts, and cotton trousers.

**Opinion:** The button is a nice touch, and the white, cotton-knit ends are a nice touch. T-shirts: Nautica is a bit of a stretch. For more information see page 100.



STYLING BY DAVID COR. THE MODELS: J. JAMES, NEW YORK



# Power of Discretion

If you thought **diamond cuff links** were only meant for evening, think again. Confident executives from courtroom to boardroom are recognizing the natural appeal of diamonds for day.



While diamonds are the hardest substance known to man, they're anything but hard to mix into a sophisticated working wardrobe. Modern diamond cuff links are a stylish exclamation point to a great shirt-and-tie combination. Here, elegant shirts and neckwear by Brooks form an ideal backdrop to some of the best new diamonds for men. Opposite: Diamond and onyx cuff links by Hammerman Bros. Close-ups this page: top to bottom: Rectangular diamond and gold cuff links by I.B. Goodman; square diamond and gold cuff links by Kurt Wayne; oval diamond and gold cuff links by Hammerman Bros. Drop a hint to a loved one about the perfect gift or treat yourself. Your local jeweler can show you a selection of diamond cuff links in a range of prices.





## Credits

### Fashion

**Bertha Boyle**, pg. 182. Giorgio Armani suits (pg. 182), shirt (pg. 182), and tie (pg. 182) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston, and Beverly Hills; Calvin Klein pants (pg. 182) at Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide; Macy's nationwide; Bloomingdale's nationwide; Giorgio Armani sunglasses (pg. 182) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston, and Beverly Hills; Michael Kors jacket and shirt; Victoria Secret bustier Giorgio Armani suit, short (pg. 182) and tie (pg. 182) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston, and Beverly Hills; Giorgio Armani suit (pg. 182) and tank (pg. 182) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston, and Beverly Hills. Pg. 183: Tommy Hilfinger suit (pg. 183) at select stores; Brooks Brothers shirt (pg. 183) at Brooks Brothers nationwide; Alberto Ruiz, per New York tie (pg. 183) at In Toto, Minneapolis, MAC, San Francisco; Dolce & Gabbana shoes (pg. 183) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York, Barneys New York; select stores; Omart, New York; Tommy Hilfinger suit (pg. 183) at select stores; Alfred Dunhill

short (pg. 183) at Alfred Dunhill, New York and Los Angeles; Yoko Kobayashi for Matsuda tie (pg. 183) at Matsuda, New York, Buffalo, Santa Monica, CA; T-shirts New York, Dallas; Salsa pocket square (pg. 183) at Salsa, Beverly Hills, Chicago, and New York; Dolce & Gabbana shoes (pg. 183) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Barneys New York, New York, Chicago, New York; Tommy Hilfinger suit (pg. 183) at select stores; Brooks Brothers shirt (pg. 183) at Brooks Brothers nationwide; Guiseppe Forte tie (pg. 183) at Guiseppe Forte, Washington, D.C.; Beverly Hills, and Palm Beach, FL; Dolce & Gabbana shoes (pg. 183) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Barneys New York; select stores; Omart, New York; Tommy Hilfinger suit (pg. 183) at select stores; Brooks Brothers shirt (pg. 183) at Brooks Brothers nationwide; Yoko Kobayashi for Matsuda tie (pg. 183) at Matsuda, New York, Buffalo, Santa Monica, CA; Barneys New York, Dallas; Dolce & Gabbana shoes (pg. 183) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Barneys New York; select stores; Omart, New York. Pg. 186

Giorgio Armani jacket (pg. 186), trousers (pg. 186) and shirt (pg. 186) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston, and Beverly Hills. Pg. 188: Donna Karan suit (pg. 188) at Norman Marcus select stores; Saks Fifth Avenue select stores; K. Buckhart, Pittsburgh; Brooks Brothers shirt (pg. 188) at Brooks Brothers nationwide; Salsa tie (pg. 188) and pocket square (pg. 188) at Salsa nationwide; Donna Karan suit (pg. 188) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Barneys New York; select stores; Omart, New York; Tommy Hilfinger suit (pg. 188) at select stores; Brooks Brothers shirt (pg. 188) at Brooks Brothers nationwide; Alberto Ruiz, per New York tie (pg. 188) at In Toto, Minneapolis, MAC, San Francisco; Salsa pocket square (pg. 188) at Salsa nationwide. Pgs. 186 and 187: Dolce & Gabbana jacket (pg. 186) and trousers (pg. 186) at Norman Marcus nationwide; Omart, New York; Markay Men; Houston tie (pg. 186) at Barneys New York; nationwide; Barneys, New York; Markay

## Especially For Loving Couples...

# Introducing The Sex Education Videos That Increase Sexual Pleasure For Both Partners.

**Ordinary Couples/Extraordinary Sex** is a new video series from the leading female American producer of erotic sex education videos for adults. Developed and hosted by Dr. Sandra Scantling, one of America's most renowned sex educators and counselors, **Ordinary Couples/Extraordinary Sex** is an astonishing combination of visual stimulation, sexual intensity, and emotional intimacy.

Each hour-long video flows like a path to sexual pleasure, is revealed by three loving couples who have discovered remarkable new ways to brighten their sexual lives and their emotional closeness. As these couples permit us to see some very special and intimate details of their private lives, Dr. Scantling explains how you too can discover a deeply satisfying and more exciting sexual relationship.

Many couples find that their interest in each other never was substantially altered when they viewed these videos. They also gain the enthusiasm they need to transform their current sex life into sexual pleasure.

Here are some comments from people who have purchased **Ordinary Couples/Extraordinary Sex**:

"None of the clinicians are as expertly sincere. The combination of emotional



and physical intimacy produces stronger sexual responses than I ever imagined possible!"  
Donald and Barbara Ford, Boston, in a special moment in their loving relationship they instruct for any day they conceived their youngest child. The experience is both beautiful and liberating. You share moments of heightened emotional and physical intimacy — an intimacy which gives a whole new meaning to the term "sexual pleasure."

"The viewers can share all the couples' most explicit and intimate (including details on a physical level, and also the blending of mind, body and spirit in the sexual union of two human beings."

### FREE VIDEO DEMO

**Ordinary Couples/Extraordinary Sex** is being offered at a special introductory price of \$19.95 for each video or \$49.95 for all three. During this introductory period all orders will also receive a free 37 minute video on how to improve sexual communication and intimacy.

**WARNING:** **Ordinary Couples/Extraordinary Sex** is highly explicit and is intended for adults over the age of 21 only. All videos contain nudity and explicit language.

Dr. Sandra Scantling's

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